t's mainly in the cut

ht down to the bottom of the bowl you may ke Three Nuns with undiminished enjoyment. shred of this fine and fragrant tobacco is ted in the pipe, no particle of dust is formed he pouch.

"curious cut" of Three Nuns—each circlet erfect blend of the very finest grades of leaf—vents such waste. That is why Three Nuns 1s. 2d. an ounce is essentially an economical acco to smoke. It burns slowly, so that a eful lasts longer than a pipeful of most other accos. And again because of the cut—it is of the coolest smokes you can get.

u may pay more than the Three Nuns price, l get no better tobacco; you may pay less, and none cheaper.

THREE NUNS

The Tobacco of Curious Cut

In Packets:
1 oz. 1/2; 2 oz. 2/4

In Tins:
2 oz. 2/4; 4 oz. 4/8

ing's Head is similar but a little fuller.

phen Mitchell and Son, Branch
he Imperial Tobacco Company
Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.,
St. Andrew Square, Glasgow.

A Burberry Overcoat is a Shield of Comfort

"In every way I have found my coat satisfactory; warm in winter, not in the least uncomfortably so in summer, and a very shield of comfort in windy weather."—R. R.

BURBERRY OVERCOATS

made in exclusive Burberry-proofed materials, render the wearer absolutely independent of weather

The discomforts of exposure to wet or cold are completely neutralised by the staunch protection and luxurious warmth they provide.

Catalogue and Patterns Post Free

BURBERRYS

HAYMARKET S.W.1 LONDON,
Bd. Malesherbes PARIS; and Provincial Agents
Burberrys Ltd.

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
DECEMBER, 1924.

Correspondence

An American Looks on England

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—I trust that you may be willing to grant space in your pages for a few somewhat caustic observations by an American who is, and always has been, an admirer of the English people.

Nearly twenty years ago I had occasion to study intensively the intellectual quality of all the modern civilised nations. Out of this study I acquired the conviction that English thinkers, in the past hundred years, had established an unquestionable leadership. The French seemed to me to be clearly entitled to second place, while the Germans, at least after 1848, seemed to have done no real thinking at all—or, rather worse, had done a great amount of perverted half-thinking of a peculiarly "fuzzy" sort.

This belief in the quality of English intellectual leadership has not been broken down during the past five years, but I am beginning to wonder whether this leadership has the courage to match its quality.

England is undoubtedly facing certain serious economic adjustments. She is unquestionably bound to suffer for a year or two, or a few years, from those particularly troublesome effects which follow the breaking down of authority and leadership in a democracy. During this time the ancient English art of "muddling through" will probably attain its ultimate perfection under the political rule of the English counterparts of our own Hearsts and Bryans and La Follettes.

All this would, however, give a believer in the English people little cause for worry if somewhere and somehow the real English intelligence was stating and facing the real facts. What has become of this intelligence, and why is it silent?

Many of these facts, which should be stated and reiterated day after day in your own pages and elsewhere, are of elementary simplicity. Perhaps the first in order of importance is this—that England must sell her products at the world's market prices and must live on the proceeds. Except for a very few lines of output, there is not a sales manager in England who cannot tell in five minutes at what prices he could sell enough of his goods in foreign markets in three months to guarantee that every wheel in his factories would turn

THE LONDON ASSURANCE

(INCORPORATED A.D. 1720.)

1, KING WILLIAM ST., E.C.4.

Marine Dept.—7, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C.3.

FIRE, MARINE,

BURGLARY, WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION, PUBLIC LIABILITY, PLATE GLASS.

LIFE, ACCIDENT.

MOTOR, LIVE STOCK, FIDELITY AND GOVERNMENT BONDS, etc., BOILER ENGINEERING, etc.

TOTAL ASSETS EXCEED £10,000,000

Third Century of Active Business.

BRANCHES AND AGENCIES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. APPLICATIONS FOR AGENCIES INVITED.

at full speed for a year. Similarly there is hardly an accountant who could not tell in an hour or a day what average percentage of the sale price of his output has in the past been paid in factory wages.

With the two preceding factors once determined, the answer is a matter of plain arithmetic. Give the workers their choice between a high output with high wages, or a low output with low wages. Play fair with them, but make them get to work or cut off the unemployment dole.

Use your editorial privileges by writing to typical mine operators, manufacturers, shipbuilders, etc., and ask them to give you their figures along the preceding lines. You will be much surprised to find how many could start full speed ahead with a 10 or 15 per cent. cut in sales prices and would gladly agree to divide the net proceeds, after taxes and payments for raw materials, etc., on the basis of 70 to 80 per cent. for pay rolls, and 20 to 30 per cent. for capital. When you have such figures, ask your leading Labour leaders whether they will back such a "programme."

In the meantime, for the credit of the nation that fought the retreat from Mons, do your best to check the present spineless and contemptible flood of talk regarding protective tariffs and preference for English goods in British markets.

I am, etc.,

S.S. *Olympic*. AMERICAN.

Are the Irish an Inferior Nation?

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—In reference to the letter of E. C. F. Coyle in your November issue commenting upon my article on "Are the Irish an Inferior Nation?" his remarks are just what I expected. He was first interested, then amused, and finally amazed—amazed that any Irishman should state the truth about Ireland and the Irish.

His amazement cannot alter facts. Ireland to-day is an inferior nation, is inferior not only to England, but to every other country in the civilised world. Commercially, politically, and intellectually, the Ireland of to-day is not a patch on the smallest nation in Europe. She has no national language, no real identity—nobody knows who are really Irish and who are not—no currency of her own, and no stability of civil government.

The cause of all this is that very pride—individual, not national—which was referred to. "Irish and proud of it"—too proud to learn anything from other nations, too self-sufficient to take example from others, general decadence was the inevitable result. There is no connection between Irish pride and the love of country spoken of by Scott in his "Breathes there the man with soul so dead," etc. The poet here speaks of patriotism—love of country—quite a different thing from that blatant personal egotism peculiar to the average Irishman. As a nation, or rather as a collection of factions, Ireland has done nothing

"The Magic of Islam"

NORTH AFRICAN MOTOR TOURS

15 Distinct Itineraries for Tours from London to

Algeria - Tunisia - Morocco

Visiting amongst other places CASABLANCA, RABAT, MARRAKESH (Morocco City), FEZ, FIGIG, LAGHOUAT, BOU SAADA, BISKRA, CONSTANTINE, TUGGURT, TUNIS, KAIRWAN, TIMGAD, CARTHAGE. The palm-clad OASES of the SAHARA. The snow-capped Atlas. Caravans & Camping in the Desert, etc.

LONDON TO ALGIERS IN TWO DAYS

FRENCH LINE, Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, Ltd., 22, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W. 1.

Demy 8vo, Cloth Gilt, 720 pp., 24s. net. Many Illustrations.

THE

STORY OF HAMLET AND HORATIO

A New and Original Exposition of the Authorship of "Hamlet" in connection with Elizabethan History.

"Copies of well-known editions of the play, and the sonnets, are included in the volume. The writer of the story goes not one, but a whole hundred better than any previous exponent of the theory that the true author of Hamlet was Francis Bacon. . . . The illustrations, mainly portraits of prominent Elizabethans, are numerous and excellent."

—*Sunday Times.*

London: SELWYN & BLOUNT, Ltd., 21, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2.

THE

SCOTS MAGAZINE

PRICE ONE SHILLING MONTHLY

A monthly miscellany of Scottish Life and Letters, written by Scots and for Scots. In its pages figure every form of modern expression, topical and historical articles, fiction, verse, short plays, all essentially Scottish in subject and style.

For the Scot at home it provides what he has often longed for, a native magazine of high class literature. For the Scot abroad it is each month a breath of the homeland air.

The following distinguished Scottish writers contribute to the pages of "The Scots Magazine":—

Louis A. Barbé, William George Black, LL.D., George Eyre-Todd, Ludovic Maclellan Mann, Pittendrich Macgillivray, William Power, Dr. Walter Seton, Joseph Laing Waugh, Lady Margaret Sackville, Lauchlan Maclean Watt, D.D., and many other well known authorities.

Scotland has produced in the past some of the greatest writers that the world has known, yet she does not possess a literary periodical devoted entirely to herself. "The Scots Magazine" meets this long felt want.

PRICE ONE SHILLING MONTHLY

Annual Subscription, posted to any address, home or abroad, 14/- prepaid.

THE SCOTS MAGAZINE

52, DARNLEY STREET, GLASGOW, S.1.

to be proud of. Everything the best of her sons attempted failed, especially the attempts of a military character. Defeat was *always* her portion.

Why, then, should I, as an Irishman, boast about being Irish? Though not ashamed of being Irish, I am certainly not proud of it. My countrymen have done nothing discreditable (as a nation, I mean); they have acted according to their lights and meant well, but their achievements in any field are not comparable to those of other nations, especially England.

The England that subdued Ireland has never been under the yoke of any country or Power. We may hold any opinion we like as to how her conquests were accomplished, but that she has subjugated and annexed nations and territories is indisputable. She has certainly more to be proud of than Ireland.

At the time of Henry II. the populations of Ireland and England were, as my article stated, *practically* equal. That is to say, Ireland's fighting forces were all available, whilst England, even according to Mr. Coyle, had parts of her army in Scotland, Wales, and France. Henry had to leave large portions of his army in these places to keep garrison; especially France and Scotland were ready to take advantage of the slightest opportunity to revolt against their English rulers. The fighting forces, therefore, of Ireland and England were practically equal, although, as a whole, the population, including women and children, may have been appreciably greater in the latter.

I am, etc.,

PATRICIUS.

November 13th, 1924.

Sackville's "Gorboduc"

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—I notice that Mr. Haines, in his attack on the so-called "Bacon Legend," mentions Sackville, author of the first English tragedy in blank verse, as putting his name to the play, *Gorboduc*.

He has not studied the facts very carefully, for there is no parallel with the case in dispute. Thomas Sackville, who afterwards became Lord Buckhurst, wrote *Gorboduc*, in conjunction with Norton, *not* for public performance, but for a Twelfth Night entertainment in 1560-61, and it was acted by students of the Inner Temple, of which the authors were members. This, I might remind Mr. Haines, was before any *theatre* had been erected in the country. The play was printed *without the consent of the authors*, under the title of *Ferrex and Porrex*. It was quite another thing to write for "the penny knaves" who "fight for bitten apples" (*Henry VIII.*) at the Globe and Blackfriars theatres.

I am, etc.,

G. M. SHAW.

"Aladdin gives me daylight at night"

"NEVER in my experience have I used any light of any sort whatsoever that can equal the Aladdin."

"I first used an Aladdin Incandescent Paraffin Lamp in a portable cottage in Kent. I was so delighted with its simplicity and convenience that although I have gas at home I have put an Aladdin in my study."

It pays for itself

"For the steady, soft, bright light I now get—so different from the dinginess of gas—I pay so little that I consider that the Aladdin has paid for itself already in fuel saved."

A triumph of Science

As a matter of fact the Aladdin, by a special invention that has been hailed as a triumph of Science, is made to produce an *incandescent light* from common paraffin. It burns a mixture of 94% air and 6% oil—and gives an intense, yet soft, light that fills the room, for 8½ hours on one pint of oil, or less than a farthing an hour.

It can't explode

The Aladdin is as easy to light as a candle and absolutely safe. It has been dropped alight from the table to the floor. It went out. It has been tipped on one side so that the oil would run out . . . and then surrounded by wood-wool, which was set on fire. There was not the slightest sign of explosion.

Send for an Aladdin on
10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

No inconveniences, no obligations. Your Aladdin is brought to your door—you use it for ten days, and then if you don't want it away it goes—but not often!

£5,000 REWARD

Five thousand pounds will be paid to anyone who can show us an oil lamp at present on the market as good as Aladdin. Particulars of this challenge in our catalogue!

Aladdin

INCANDESCENT PARAFFIN LAMPS MAKE IDEAL XMAS GIFTS

Distributors wanted *to demonstrate the Aladdin in territory where oil lamps are used. Write quickly for territories and samples*

ALADDIN INDUSTRIES LTD., 478 Aladdin House, 188 Southwark St., London, S.E.1.

b 2

& NEW ZEALAND LINES

MAIL, FREIGHT AND PASSENGER SERVICES.

P. & O. and B. I. Tickets Interchangeable, also Tickets of P. & O., Orient, and New Zealand Shipping and Union Companies. All sailings subject to change with or without notice.

1. London & Marseilles to Bombay, Karachi & Persian Gulf.
2. London to Colombo, Madras and Calcutta.
3. London & Marseilles to Ceylon, China, Japan & Australia.
4. London & Marseilles to Port Sudan, East & South Africa.
5. London to Queensland.
6. London (cargo) & Southampton (passengers) to New Zealand & (by transhipment, passengers only) Australia (via Panama Canal).
7. United Kingdom (by any Atlantic line) via Vancouver or San Francisco to New Zealand, Australia and the South Sea Islands.
8. London (one class only, third class rates) to Australia via Cape of Good Hope.

ADDRESS:

Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 & 5.—For Passage, P. & O. House (Manager, F. H. Grosvenor), 14-18, Cockspur St. S.W. 1.; Freight or General Business, P. & O. & B.I. Offices, 122, Leadenhall St., London, E.C. 3.

B.I. Agents, Gray, Dawes & Co., 122, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C. 3

No. 6.—J. B. Westray & Co., Ltd., 168, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C. 3, or P. & O. House (first floor,—General Passenger Agent, W. L. James), 14, Cockspur Street, S.W. 1.

No. 7.—Union S.S. Co. of New Zealand, Ltd., P. & O. House (first floor,—General Passenger Agent, W. L. James), 14, Cockspur Street, London, S.W. 1, and for Vancouver Service, any office of Canadian Pacific Railway.

No. 8.—P. & O. Service, Australia, via Cape, 32, Lime Street, E.C. 3, or P. & O. House, as above.

Paris (All Routes)—Société Française P. & O., 41, Boulevard des Capucines.

Telegrams ORIENTAL, WESTRAND, LONDON

P&O HOUSE, 14-16 COCKSPUR STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

Telephone GERRARD 5151 (EIGHT LINES)

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW

A National Appeal to the Trade Unions

PENS innumerable have already been employed in comment on the wonderful victory of the Conservative Party in the late General Election. We prefer to consider not the past, but the future, and to enquire what definite steps our new Ministers intend to take in order to deal with the paramount question dominating the internal affairs of England at the present time—the question of the means by which to revive the waning industries of Britain. The fact is usually forgotten, or ignored, that on the solution of this problem depends in large measure the foreign as well as the domestic policy of this country, for armaments depend on finance and finance depends upon industry; while, without armaments and the financial strength required for their use in case of need, the voice of England, or of any State, ceases to carry weight with other peoples and becomes as that of a chatterer to whom none pays heed. "I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick: nobody marks you." In actuality this condition of things still obtains in the world at large, and any further reduction, sequent on poverty, made in our already reduced fighting ability would involve, infallibly, the paralysis of our influence amongst the other nations of the earth.

The entire future of our population, and, of course, the future also of the Conservative Party, are manifestly contingent upon the revival of British industry. This statement is far more accurate and far less likely to prompt misleading implications than the more usual reference to unemployment. For unemployment is an effect, not a cause; a symptom, not

a malady. As well might a doctor centre attention upon a rash, while neglecting the disease occasioning it, as a Parliament attend to national distress brought about by lack of work to the exclusion of the industrial depression creating that evil. Strange is it and deplorable, as showing myopic limitation of thought, that alike the Labour Party and the Liberal Party have failed in practical recognition of this fundamental fact. Their schemes for the relief of national suffering have been aimed, not at the disease, but at its tokens. They have been palliatives, not cures. They have been, almost without exception, plans for the expenditure, through taxation or loans, of the remaining resources of the nation, instead of—as the case required—suggestions for increasing those resources by the restoration of our manufactures and the extension of our trade.

What makes this omission, in regard to the Labour Party, still more singular, is the circumstance that that party is itself the principal, though the unconscious, cause of all our industrial woes, while the real remedy for these is entirely in its hands. We say this not by way of reproach or of vituperation (which at the present juncture would increase rather than diminish our existing difficulties), but as stating a certainty which is beginning now to be universally recognised. For, next to placing the government of this country in sane hands, the happiest result of the recent electoral struggle has been to evoke general perception and declaration of this truth. Long seen by every competent thinker, it had been as long held back from full public utterance. In the debates on the subject of unemployment in the House of Commons scarcely any speakers dared to refer to what many knew to be its underlying source. Some sort of fear of giving offence to the trade unions seems to have restrained their voices and to have stifled the statement of the manifest cause. Though discussion, without it, could be likened only to the performance of *Hamlet* with the part of the Prince of Denmark omitted, it remained substantially unspoken, instead of being urged with the whole energy of every patriotic man.

In this respect, at least, THE ENGLISH REVIEW can claim to be free of blame, for again and again in its editorial articles and notes we have insisted on the responsi-

bility of the trade unions controlling or composing the Labour Party for those lamentable economic conditions which oppress this once prosperous land. But during the last six or seven weeks the gag has been at last removed. Alike in the Press and on the platform, the basic fact that the economic miseries of which we all complain are due mainly and chiefly to trade union restrictions on production has been shouted as it were from the house-tops, while from the Socialist Party practically no answer has been heard—for, indeed, effective reply is impossible. Great is the advance, for thus, at last, consideration of the way to cure unemployment becomes real instead of academic, and the heart of the problem is approached.

What should be the next step? Legislation is useless. To coerce the trade unions, to compel them to abandon their "ca' canny" methods, and to substitute in manufacturing pursuits payment by piece work for payment by time is impracticable. To attempt it would be to call forth a tempest of anger which would in itself wreck the prospects of success. Not only would strikes be conjured up throughout the country, but a deep feeling of resentment would be evoked at what would be represented as interference with the liberty of Englishmen.

We venture, here and now, to suggest a far different course. We propose a national appeal to the trade unions themselves. Setting aside the Communists, who are in another category altogether, the great body of trade unionists and most of their political leaders are honest citizens, whose judgments may be and often are wildly astray, but whose wishes and intentions are excellent and patriotic. The point really at issue between them and anti-Socialists is a point of economics. It is fair matter for argument. They think that to increase production is to diminish employment. They believe that when, for example, a bricklayer lays a thousand bricks in a day instead of, say, three hundred, he is depriving two other men of work. Anti-Socialists see clearly that by reducing the price of houses he is, on the contrary, increasing the demand for work. Let, then, the mind of the whole nation be concentrated upon this and the cognate subjects. How shall such concentration be brought about? We suggest by a combined appeal on the

part of all the Chambers of Commerce, all the great shipbuilding companies, all the big manufacturers, and, in fine, by all those who are concerned with the promotion of production, or to whom knowledge and experience give a right to speak. It would be a direct appeal as from man to man, as from the organisers to the workers, as from the head to the hands. In face of such request from such quarters, courtesy would require the trade unions to furnish full reply. They would be under a moral constraint to come into the open with the whole of their case—their case on this one supreme question whether the decrease of production is not the main cause, and whether the increase of production would not be the main cure, of unemployment.

If this suggestion, put forth here with diffidence but with intense conviction, were adopted, it would of course be open to every organisation and every firm to frame an appeal in their own words. If we venture here to draw up an example, it is only for the purpose of clarifying our meaning, to the end that misapprehension of what we propose may be avoided :—

"We, the undersigned, accrediting the trade unions of Britain with desire as sincere as our own to remedy unemployment, earnestly appeal to them to give their fullest consideration to the following points :—

"(1) The main cause of unemployment is the lessened ability of producers to sell their goods.

"(2) The cause of these diminished sales is the rise in prices of those goods, owing to increased cost of production.

"(3) The causes of that increase are (*a*) the coincidence of higher wages with reduced output, and (*b*) additional overhead charges in the shape of greatly swollen rates and taxes.

"(4) As firms cannot carry on business at a loss, they will inevitably continue, some to close their doors and others to discharge a number of employees.

"(5) Until the cost of production is reduced to a point at which adequate sales can be effected, existing unemployment—in spite of any slight temporary amelioration—must continue, and must tend to become greater.

"(6) The growth of unemployment, by adding con-

stantly to the numbers who require relief, will add also, as constantly, to the rates and taxes which increase prices.

"(7) In such circumstances it will be impossible, in most industries, long to maintain present rates of wages, and this whether the works are in the hands of private owners or of the State.

"(8) Manifestly, therefore, the continuance of the present state of affairs tends towards national ruin and the immense suffering of a great part of the population.

"(9) The sole effective means of reducing prices without lowering the general level of wages is to be found in increase of output.

"(10) Therefore we appeal to you, for the sake of national interests and most especially for the sake of members of trade unions, to do away with all restrictions tending to hamper production, which are suicidal in effects.

"(11) In this connection we draw your attention to the fact that by far the most powerful motive for exertion in average men and women is the advantage of themselves and of their children, and that in the system of payment by time this motive is lost, while in the system of payment by results it is retained.

"(12) We state our deliberate opinion that, if all existing restraints of production were abolished, and if, above all, piecework, wherever possible, were substituted for time work, the output of British industry would be increased until it approached that of the United States (roughly two and a half times per head as great as our own), that the resulting benefit to labour would be enormous, that unemployment would be immensely decreased, and that the general level of wages would be maintained, and in a large number of cases greatly raised.

"(13) We also state our conviction that, failing such changes as are here proposed, the outlook of British industry, and therefore of labour, is black in the extreme.

"(14) We appeal to you to take the points in this letter into your most serious consideration, and to answer them with fulness, in order that any objection which you may raise may be amply discussed while the attention of the whole nation, whose future is involved, is concentrated on this subject."

Would not such appeal, so urged, go far to shift the mind of England from fallacy to truth?

Current Comments

England Wins

ENGLAND is again English. Stunned consternation reigns in all those quarters which for a little while foolishly imagined that the stupid English had been doped into submitting to the rule of alien adventurers who, not content with having ruined Russia, hope to wreck civilisation. That either the Liberal Party, or the Labour Party, which between them brought England to such a pass, even dimly perceived its dangers or realised their ignominious part as dupes of a relentless enemy no one can believe. The small child who, as an unconscious "germ carrier," may infect a whole school is equally innocent, but must be isolated while the danger lasts. It was obvious that too many of our Labour Party, consciously or unconsciously, carried the germs of disease originating in Moscow, and that the Liberals, if not actually infected themselves, were at least largely responsible for its growth and would assuredly prevent its effective extirpation. The measure of the health of any organism is its ability to resist and throw off disease. It is evident, therefore, that if we cannot quite claim to be in the political A1 category, we are very far removed from the C_3 standard. The General Election, indeed, has given us as clean a bill of health as probably can be shown by any nation in the world.

"Gregory Powder"

THE magnitude of the victory is, of course, as gratifying as it was unexpected. Until within a few days of the election the most that any Conservative could reasonably hope for was a working majority of, say, 60 to 70. The Zinovieff letter, and the Foreign Office protest despatched by Mr. J. D. Gregory, undoubtedly had their effect, not so much on account of any new revelation which the former contained, but because the incident exposed such an utter disregard of principle, as well as sense, on the part of Mr. MacDonald and his subservient Ministers. Mr. Clynes alone, as might have been expected of him, had the decency and the

courage to admit that if the letter were not a forgery it must seriously affect the whole question of the relations with Russia reached by the previous negotiations. Why, since the Foreign Office and Scotland Yard were bulging with evidence as bad, and worse, of Bolshevist treachery, even Mr. Clynes' conscience should, for the first time, have been stung by this particular letter, it is difficult to see. However, it did its work; sanity reigns again in England, the Moscow criminals will not get their £40,000,000, and the day of Russian emancipation from their bloody tyranny is so much the nearer.

Mond contra Mundum

A VICTORY so overwhelming, a party so united and leaders so trusted, inspire the confident belief that the country will enjoy the several years of uninterrupted sound government necessary to its recuperation. The elimination of the Liberal Party, which we have predicted since 1923, has virtually been effected, and the remnants which survive seem bent upon completing their own destruction as a serious element in politics. Their internal squabbles have little concern for anyone but themselves. It is interesting, however, to consider the views of Sir Alfred Mond, who is unquestionably one of their "first-class brains," as to the best methods of resuscitating Liberal fortunes. Sir Alfred admits that the country was determined to give "the death-blow to Socialism," and thus explains the Liberal *débâcle*. He claims that Liberalism "immolated itself upon the altar of national sacrifice," but admits the cardinal mistake of having put in a Socialist Government a year ago, a decision which he says was "too subtle for the man in the street to understand"! He claims that "the Liberal Party alone can and must supply that alternative programme to Socialism for which the country yearns. It must be concrete and practical." But in the course of a long article there is not one word to indicate what that programme is to be. In his opinion, the Liberal Party requires a "managing director" (none more competent could be found than Sir Alfred Mond himself); it must absorb all that is best in the Conservative and Labour parties; the machine must be run on business lines; it must rely upon

the shillings of the millions more than upon the thousands of the millionaires, etc., etc. Not much inspiration in all this!

LET us turn to Lt.-Commander Kenworthy, M.P. for Hull. He frankly admits that the Liberal Party is short of ideals. "We must be a Labour Party too!" But may not the Labour Party have something to say to this patronising suggestion? "The old school of Manchester Liberalism is dead." Just which school of Liberalism is alive is not clear. "A small business man should be encouraged to apply for Government credits or guarantees through suitable machinery. This would encourage initiative and enterprise, and is much more practicable than nationalising the banks." There would certainly be no lack of applicants, but what would become of national credit? Perhaps in the more genial climate of Egypt, and after contemplation of the dire results of the application of Liberal principles to that country, Mr. Asquith, during his holiday, may evolve some more likely method of putting Humpty-Dumpty together again.

The Liberal Member for Hull

A GOOD deal of nonsense has been written about the increase of 1,047,195 in the total Socialist vote at the last election, as compared with 1923. It is claimed that the increase from 4,440,586 votes in 1923 to 5,487,781 in 1924 indicates a proportionate increase in the strength of the Socialist Party. This is quite a delusion, since the number of Socialist candidates increased from 420 to 514. Omitting uncontested seats, the average of votes polled per candidate increased only from 10,649 to 10,867, a trifling gain which would be more than accounted for by the decrease of Liberal candidates.

The Socialist Vote

ONE of the most important, though possibly not the most popular, tasks which awaits the new Government is that of creating a Second Chamber adequate to put an effective brake upon rash and ill-con-

An Effective Brake

sidered legislation by the House of Commons. For few political eventualities are more easily conceivable than the sudden passage by some future Labour Ministry of a revolutionary Act utterly opposed to the will of a majority of the electorate. Before a new Parliament and a new Cabinet had come into being years might elapse, and ruinous consequences might ensue. To the creation of a reformed Second Chamber Mr. Asquith and the Liberal Party were deeply pledged at the time of the Parliament Act in 1910, and they are thus bound in honour to assist rather than to oppose the Conservatives in seeking the end in view. The need of such reform was strongly urged in an article by Lord Selborne which we published in August last. Any measure of this kind would doubtless be represented by the Labour Party as an attempted interference with the rights of the people, whereas it would be in actual fact an endeavour to protect those rights against the possibility of swift and violent change.

The "New" Blasphemy

We saw with real gratification that the new form of blasphemy invented by the Rev. Mr. Munro for the purpose of gaining votes for his candidature for the Scotch Universities has brought him, not victory, but ignominious defeat. Out of a total of 17,618 votes cast, he polled but 1,638. Mr. Munro headed his election address with the words, "Behold, I make all things new," to which citation from the Revelation of St. John he appended the signature "Jesus of Nazareth." Throughout the document he appeared to assume that his views and those of the Founder of Christianity were one and the same, the inference, of course, being that to oppose them or himself would be impious sacrilege. To try to enlist the Divinity as an election agent is certainly to "make all things new," but hardly to improve them. The utter failure of the endeavour points, we hope, towards a growing appreciation in the public at large of the vast gulf separating Socialism from Christianity. Probably of all forms of belief none more utterly confused than "Christian

Socialism" has ever been conceived; nor could more complete opposites than these two diverse creeds be easily imagined.

The Boundary Commission

THE really extraordinary exhibition of spontaneous loyalty which was manifested throughout Southern Ireland on Armistice Day would bewilder anyone who, not knowing the Irish, had ever attempted to measure them by any of the ordinary standards. Even more significant, perhaps, than the demonstration in Dublin was that which took place in Limerick, that hot-bed of anti-British feeling, where—the Catholic bishop having refused to hold an Armistice Day service—the Catholic ex-Service men, with their families and their sympathisers, attended the celebration held in the Protestant Cathedral and sang the National Anthem as if on parade. Last month we published a true story proving that purely economic reasons were making for good in the vexed question of the Ulster Boundary. Further evidence of this accumulates daily. There is no question but that in the border counties of Northern Ireland adjacent to the Free State the inhabitants are possessed with a real fear lest, through the action of the Boundary Commission, they should be transferred from Northern Ireland to the Irish Free State. *Per contra*, conditions in the Free State are becoming so bad economically that many people resident in Donegal, Cavan, and Monaghan are to-day praying that the decision of the Boundary Commission will transfer them to the Government of Northern Ireland, where taxation and the cost of living are identical with England. After all, nothing touches a man—even an Irishman—so much as his pocket. The Boundary Commission is obviously now in difficulties, and is likely to have to appeal to the Parliament of Great Britain for adequate powers to compel attendance of witnesses and the production of documents as in a court of law. Lord Carson pointed out in the House of Lords that such an appeal would in the end be necessary. An opportunity is thus likely to arise to incorporate with such additional powers a clear definition of the real function of the Commission, namely, a rectification of boundary, not a transfer of territory.

The Price of Food

Much as we welcome the promised enquiry into food prices, we fear that disappointment is bound to follow the sanguine expectations, foolishly created by many irresponsible writers and speakers, that a reduction of prices will automatically ensue, and that the elusive "profiteer," whoever he may be, will be finally extinguished. Politicians and the Press have vied with one another in abuse of imaginary "profiteers" as the main cause of the high cost of living. Yet no sooner is it definitely announced that the supposed nefarious conspiracy against the consumer is to be investigated by a Royal Commission than prices jump upwards more decidedly than ever. We have already expressed our views on this phenomenon, and will now merely repeat our belief in general terms that no Royal Commission or any other public agency will be able appreciably to affect the price of food or any other commodity; that its investigations will only prove that current prices are ruled by the immutable law of supply and demand; that the present high prices result mainly from short supplies and universally increased costs of production, transport, and distribution; and that, cold comfort as it may be, a period of high, and perhaps even higher, prices may be necessary to stimulate production to the point of overtaking demand, with the inevitable ultimate result that prices will fall. If any of our readers have been able to deduce any other conclusion from the efforts of the Linlithgow Committee to discover the cause of dear milk, or of Mr. Shinwell to attribute dear coal to "profiteering," we invite them to send us their views.

Egypt

The atrocious murder of Sir Lee Stack in Cairo is a striking demonstration of the extreme folly of the policy which we have pursued in Egypt since the close of the war. Our whole idea has been to placate the Egyptians by ceaseless concessions, and in the result we have not only failed entirely in that purpose but we have excited a demand for our complete abandonment not of Egypt alone but also of the Soudan. In this demand, be it remembered, are joined the Zaghloulists, who are accounted the "moderates," and who are protesting their horror at the present outrage,

with the extremists who are directly responsible for it. The amateur Levantine politicians who are now attempting to govern Egypt are blind to the fact that our evacuation of the Soudan would result either in the conquest of Egypt by the warlike Soudanese or else by Italians, French or Turks. What is now, in face of this new outrage, to be the action of England? If we leave its punishment to the Egyptian Government we may be very sure that abject futility will be displayed, and that nothing effective will be done to restore our sorely damaged prestige. The life of no British officer in the land would then be worth a day's purchase. Yet, owing to our feeble relinquishment of administrative authority, we have no power to impose any penalty, or, apparently, to take any effective part in an investigation ourselves. In these circumstances we suggest that the proper course is to announce our intention to repeal some of that control over the internal affairs of Egypt which we so recently and voluntarily resigned, but which it is within our right to resume at any time if the safety of the English population in Egypt demands it. Only thus can British prestige be restored.

The Kinema Industry

More than once we have called attention to the parlous condition of the kinema industry in this country. It is now announced that not a solitary film studio is working in England. The reason is simple. The Americans, with their enormous and protected home market, which gives them an assured profit on their productions, can dump their films in England at a price with which it is impossible for our producers to compete. They can also spend incomparably larger sums on any single film than an English producer. Their sales organisations here are thus in a position to dominate the British market, with all the overwhelming advantages of the mass producer with unlimited funds. The financial gain to this country from a flourishing film industry would be considerable. It would also provide a great deal of employment. Yet these would be, perhaps, the least advantages. The "pictures" have become the most popular form of entertainment for the masses, not in England alone, but in the Dominions and

Dependencies. They exercise a powerful influence, good or bad, upon those masses. Not to mince matters, we have no hesitation in expressing our opinion that the influence of most American pictures is bad, notwithstanding the conventional concession to victorious virtue. It is at least vulgar and un-English. That such stuff, with its barbarous "English" captions, should swamp the picture-houses of our Dominions, as well as of India, Asia, and Africa, is a serious blow to British prestige. The remedy is also simple. Let the irritating entertainment tax be removed, and a duty, calculated to produce an equivalent revenue, be imposed upon all imported films.

Preserved Food

We cannot all emulate the spartan simplicity of diet which has been adopted by Dr. Hindhede, the great Danish expert on the subject of nutrition, and which is described by Mr. J. Ellis Barker elsewhere in these pages. To most of us the flesh-pots will retain their attraction despite all scientific anathema—

> The trout, the grouse, the early pea,
> By such, if there, are freely taken—

and it is therefore most unfortunate that the shadow of an imminent General Election should have obscured the final report of the Departmental Committee on Preservatives in Foodstuffs appointed by Mr. Neville Chamberlain. The importance of the subject as a whole, and of the emphatic recommendations of the Committee, will be realised from one passage in the report: "It is evident that at present individuals may consume quite considerable quantities of preservatives in the course of an ordinary day's diet. It is easy to imagine a reasonable meal which might contain twenty or even more grains of boric acid, besides other preservatives." Yet a dose of boric acid to the extent of even eight grains is never prescribed by a medical man without precautionary examination of the patient! The truth is, of course, that—apart from their more nearly legitimate use—preservatives are the mainstay of the careless and dirty manufacturer, who without their aid would be forced to shut up shop or to mend his ways. This is shown by the fact that most of the articles in which boric acid is largely used

by certain firms are also put upon the market by other firms without any preservative at all. The Committee absolutely condemns the preservatives now in most common use—formaldehyde, boric acid, and salicylic acid—and recommends that the use of preservatives of any kind in articles of food and drink should be prohibited altogether, except in a few clearly defined cases. It is earnestly to be hoped that effective legislation to these ends will no longer be delayed, and that we may be allowed to reap the undoubted advantages to public health which the United States gained by prohibiting the adulteration of food by chemicals, even if we are not yet ready to take the further steps necessary to rival their care for "clean food" generally.

"All Sir Garnet"

With the intervention of the Great War, it seems a far cry back to the times of Lord Wolseley, whose official biography has just been published.* The details of his life and campaigns have, it is true, little significance now except to the military historian and to those for some reason specially interested; but his almost lifelong struggle against obstinacy and incompetence, to create an Army fit to fight and ready to fight at the shortest notice, and worthy of the great tasks which he instinctively felt lay before it, is still of the highest significance. It was fourteen years before the Great War that Wolseley laid down the office of Commander-in-Chief; yet—without minimising the efforts, notably of Lord Haldane, of those who came in between—it was Wolseley, and no other, who made it possible for us to make our magnificent start in 1914 with the "old contemptibles." The trouble with England has always been that she refuses to allow herself to be taught by experience, however bitter. "We have learned a jolly good lesson," wrote Kipling after the South African War; but we did not. The lessons which we ought to have learned from the Great War were immeasurably more important, immeasurably more far-reaching, immeasurably more vital; yet there is the gravest doubt whether we are putting them into practice. Everyone who knows anything at all of Army

* *The Life of Lord Wolseley.* By Major-General Sir F. Maurice and Sir George Arthur. Heinemann. 25s. net.

matters feels that we have already fallen back into our customary attitude of comfortable complacency; and it is a serious question whether we are to-day even as ready for a great struggle as we were in 1914. The Navy is reduced in size beyond all sense, though there is no reason to doubt that what remains of it is animated by its old-time spirit and capability; the Air Force has not yet the tradition of years behind it, and has suffered from mal-administration in various important centres of the Empire and from lack of initiative in high places; and the Army seems to be without that driving force of activity which is necessary to keep it abreast of the times. It is useless to throw the reproach of "militarism"—the refuge of the destitute in discussions as to our national security. The simple point is that, if we have a Navy, an Army, an Air Force—quite apart from any question as to their inadequate size—let us see that they are kept up to the utmost stretch of efficiency and readiness. Though there is not now the ignorance, the bigotry, and the established interests to combat as there were in Victorian days, we still stand in sore need of a Wolseley—the reformer, not the soldier—and of the constant striving after perfection in the fighting machine which such an one as he provides. If this admirable biography directs fresh attention to this need, which is always present in England at any age, it will have done a great public duty, apart from deserved service to the memory of its subject. The authors' final summary of Wolseley's life work shows the spirit which, *mutatis mutandis*, is wanted as much to-day as in his time:—"With clear brain and stout heart he had waged war against ignorance and negligence; he had striven—and won—for efficiency and progress; he had pulled down the strongholds of endowed custom and established interest; he had hacked his way through a tangle of prejudice and laid a path so broad and so firm that those who were to tread it would scarcely remember where and what that tangle had been. His title to fame does not rest upon victories won over Koffee Kalcali or Arabi Pasha; as Wren's memorial is the great dome under which Wolseley sleeps, so Wolseley's monument is the British Army of to-day—the *nova creatura* of which he was the designer and architect."

Security

By Ernest Remnant

In August last I gave an account in The English Review of an interview with Marshal Foch on the subject of Security. That short article was designed only to serve as an introduction to the two historic notes of Marshal Foch to the Plenipotentiaries of the Powers, translations of which were published in the August and September numbers. These defined with conclusive reasoning the sole method of preventing German aggression westwards by land. A subsequent article by M. André Michelin, published in October, indicated with equally axiomatic precision the only effective means of defence against attacks from the air. No one has attempted to question the truth of the assertions either of Marshal Foch or of M. Michelin.

With a Socialist Government in power here as well as in France, there were grave doubts whether even such powerful arguments would prevail, although none stronger could be found in Europe. The danger was, however, much greater in respect of our own defeatist Prime Minister than of his French colleague, M. Herriot, to whom, even after an excursion to Geneva, security remains a reality.

It seemed worth while, therefore, in view of the advent of a Conservative Government in England, to ascertain the official attitude in France toward this question of questions, beside which all others necessarily sink into insignificance; from the moment, indeed, when our physical security is even seriously threatened, they would cease to have any interest. The time is short within which our new Government must reach a decision. January 10th next is the appointed day when, provided that Germany shall have complied with all her Treaty obligations, the British forces are expected to evacuate the Cologne sector of the Rhine. My enquiries in Paris were necessarily prosecuted before any official

exchange of views between the two Governments had been possible, and expressions of opinion had therefore to be made under reserve. Mr. Austen Chamberlain's appointment as Secretary for Foreign Affairs had, however, been universally welcomed with a satisfaction which had been heightened by his cordial interview with the French Ambassador, in the course of which he is reported to have said: "*Je ne veux pas connaître tel ou tel ministre, je ne veux connaître que la France*," and by the happily chosen references to France in his speech at the Mansion House banquet. As Mr. Baldwin's speech on that occasion was no less friendly, French opinion was certainly justified in the confident belief that the somewhat unreal atmosphere of "good-will" which our Socialist Government claimed to have created in Franco-British relations was destined to lose nothing of its sympathy, but likely to gain in those more solid qualities which appeal to the French mind.

I was not surprised, therefore, to discover in every quarter that counts a resolute determination to urge upon the British Government, as a policy vital to our common security, the measures indicated by Marshal Foch in the Notes published in the August and September numbers of this REVIEW. These are, briefly, that the fortified bridgeheads of the Rhine, as the keys which can lock the door against war, must be held permanently as hostages for peace. There is otherwise no question of holding the Rhineland, nor of making an illusory neutral barrier state, more certain to be violated by Germany even than was Belgium in 1914. A zone of fifty kilometres in width must be demilitarised, save for the bridgeheads, the population remaining purely German in all respects.

The Allies are now called upon by the League of Nations to consider proposals for disarmament and arbitration embodied in the Geneva Protocol. It is clear that the condition precedent to the acceptance of any such proposals, or to the evacuation of the Rhine forts, must be the provision of alternative and effective guarantees of security. The League of Nations, in its *naïf* endeavour to annex the British Navy, has clearly recognised that armed power is as necessary to the enforcement of its mandates as is the policeman to the authority of the magistrate. The reply of the Allies is therefore obvious.

Let the League of Nations, as trustees for world peace, hold permanently the bridgeheads of the Rhine; and since it possesses no forces of its own, let it depute to the Allies the duty of garrisoning the forts for purely defensive purposes. That, shortly, is the solution of the problem of providing a guarantee of peace as regards German aggression by land westwards. French opinion will solidly and strenuously support it. Belgian aspirations, if not yet so precisely formulated, are very similar. M. Hymans, the Foreign Minister, speaking in the Chamber at Brussels on November 12th, said that he saw in regional conventions placed under the control of the League of Nations one of the most effective instruments of security. He further emphasised the necessity of a defensive pact with England similar to that already concluded with France as the only guarantee of equilibrium, and refused to regard the Geneva Protocol as a substitute for the long overdue bond of mutual defence between France, Belgium and England. This statement of M. Hymans was unreservedly endorsed by the Socialist leader, M. Vandervelde.

The execution of such a plan would involve none of the difficulties and complications which the Commission of administration of the Saar basin appointed by the League, under Arts. 45-50 of the Treaty of Versailles, is already facing. There would be no civil administration or interference with civil life whatever. Only the forts would be occupied, and the social life of the four Rhine cities—Cologne, Coblenz, Mainz, and Kehl—would merely be brightened by the presence of small contingents of English, French and Belgian garrison artillery, probably in rotation. The "Wacht am Rhein" would, however, have a new meaning. Articles 42-3-4 and 180 of the Versailles Treaty already prohibit Germany from maintaining any fortifications or armed forces, either on the left bank of the Rhine or within a distance of fifty kilometres to the east. But this provision alone, which clearly recognises the fact that the bridgeheads are military key positions, unless backed by an effective guarantee that they will never again be used as such by Germany, would be a mere imbecility. So, equally, is the provision for gradual evacuation during fifteen years, commencing with the British (Cologne) sector next January. This

would appear to be a more or less intelligent attempt to synchronise the period necessary for German preparations for a new attack with the removal of the last impediment.

The evacuation of the Cologne sector by the British would be regarded by the French as such a fatal breach in the wall that there is little doubt they would feel it necessary to take our place. Thus a situation fraught with the gravest dangers, worse than our differences over the Ruhr, would immediately be created.

That Germany will make every effort nominally to comply with the conditions of the Treaty so as to be in a position to claim our evacuation next January there can be no doubt. But as one whose knowledge of the situation is most complete put it to me the other day in Paris, "It will only be a *façade*!" Actually and technically, of course, Germany is heavily in default, however much she may claim that her shortcomings have been condoned.

It has become the fashion in England to consider all international problems from every point of view but our own, and with a bias in favour of those foreigners who have least claim to our consideration. I challenge anyone to show wherein Germany would suffer from such a plan as is outlined above. Is it not indeed clear that Germans themselves would gain as much as the Allies by the frustration (in a large measure) of that bellicose party which is determined at the first opportunity to plunge the German nation into a fresh war of revenge?

That the proposal will soon crystallise into a vital political issue I do not doubt. It will provide at once a crucial test of the sincerity of Germany's pacific intentions, of her right to unqualified admission to the League of Nations, and of the capacity of the League to play a real part in the maintenance of international peace by the substitution of its authority for individual or group antagonisms, which, as the cause of war, it is its mission to remove.

If the League of Nations is to survive and justify its existence, it must grasp realities without attempting to go too fast. It remains to be seen whether in its crucible national and racial antipathies or distrust may be fused into a common acceptance of its decrees; whether, for instance, the Allies would be satisfied that a more widely

international force should hold the Rhine, or whether an Anglo-Franco-Belgian defensive pact should merge into a more general bond through the medium of the League itself. This, doubtless, is the ideal. But it will be wrecked by any attempt to outpace the natural, and perhaps slow, evolution of national sentiment.

The war record of the Socialist Party, headed by a dreamy defeatist, was not such as to inspire confidence in their attitude towards the problem of military security. With a Conservative Government in power the country believes that a period of strong and practical policy will follow the carnival of bubble-blowing indulged in by their predecessors. As is their wont, the more vocal elements of Democracy will clamour for *panem et circenses*, or, shall we say, houses and doles. But the safety of our national existence comes before all, and there is not a family which made sacrifice in the war which is not now confident, as a result of the Conservative victory, that our security will not be jeopardised merely to deck the brows of pacifists with fresh laurels.

Those influences which have consistently worked in this country against close co-operation with France and, openly or otherwise, in the interests of Germany, will not fail to make use of the fact that France has not paid even the interest on her debt to us. This is not the place to examine that very big question, nor has it any bearing upon the problem of our military security. I will confine myself, therefore, to three brief statements on this subject, of which the first two are undoubted facts.

1. France, with a quarter of her country and the greatest part of her principal industrial area destroyed, has been compelled nationally to finance its reconstruction at a cost which on January 1st last had amounted to Frs. 66,189,554,802 and has since been considerably increased. She embarked on this work in the belief that Germany would pay, and has been obliged to bring it near to completion out of her own resources. In parenthesis I would remark that British civilians who have suffered war damages and have been shamefully left in the lurch by the British Government would be grateful if the critics of France would divert their criticism to the British Government, with a view to securing for British sufferers repara-

tions equal to those received by French and Belgian subjects.

2. French national finances, dependent too long upon disappointed expectations of payments from Germany, are admittedly at present in a very unsatisfactory condition. They must certainly be drastically reorganised before any large and immediate payments in discharge of debt could be undertaken. Some evidence of the probable results, good or bad, of the Dawes scheme will be necessary before a radical reform of French finances is likely to be practicable. When this is available probably the Government after the next may be expected to take the necessary heroic measures.

3. I am convinced, after discussion of the subject with representative Frenchmen, that all responsible opinion in France is fully alive to the necessity, not merely as a matter of business or expediency, but of national honour, of effecting an equitable settlement of her debt to England. They have hoped against hope, and still hope, that payment by Germany will provide the means. Prior to the adoption of the Dawes scheme there was irritation and disappointment, not without justification, at English unwillingness to press Germany for such payments. But the suggestion so sedulously spread by the friends of Germany, or the enemies of France, in England, that France hopes to escape settlement of any substantial part of her debt, I have no hesitation in stigmatising as a malicious fable.

In the short space at my disposal only a re-statement of the simple issue in outline is possible. I am strongly assured that full consideration of the moral, political and economic aspects of the contentions set forth above will furnish arguments powerfully supporting their justice and necessity.

In conclusion, I will quote the final words of Marshal Foch from the August number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW:—

"In short, if we do not hold the Rhine permanently, no neutrality, no disarmament, no written clause whatever, can prevent Germany from seizing that river and using it as a sally-port. No adequate support from England or America can arrive in time to avert a disaster. . . .

"The Rhine, therefore, remains to-day the barrier indispensable to the security of the nations of Western Europe, and therefore to the security of civilisation itself. There does not exist any moral law making it incumbent upon a victorious nation, which in a defensive war has recovered the means vital to its existence, to restore them to its adversary. There is no principle that can oblige a free people to live under a continual threat, relying solely upon their Allies to save them from disaster, when they have just purchased their independence at the price of more than 1,500,000 lives and unprecedented devastation. . . .

"It appears unthinkable to withhold from the nations that are called upon to stand in the forefront of the battle line the protection they deem indispensable to enable them to live and fight pending the arrival of their Allies, to deprive them of the shield intended as a protection, and not as a means of attack.

"It behoves us to make not only an equitable but a lasting peace. The boundary of the nations of Western Europe against Germany is the Rhine.

"To give up the Rhine barrier is to admit the monstrous and irrational proposition that, although beaten in the open field, Germany, stained with blood and crimes; Germany, responsible for the death of millions of human beings; Germany, who intended to destroy our country and leave it one heap of ruins; Germany, in short, who aimed at ruling the world by the power of the sword, should still be left, by our voluntary withdrawal from the Rhine, in a position to renew her attempt just as if she had been victorious.

"I solemnly urge the Allied and Associated Governments, who at the most critical period of the war trusted me with the leadership of their armies and with the fate of their common cause, to realise that that cause can be permanently safeguarded only by the military occupation of the frontier of the Rhine."

(*This subject is also dealt with by Lt.-Col. Worsley-Gough in his article, "England and France, 1914-1924," on page 777.*)

The Letters of an Englishman

The Indiscretions of Biography

By Charles Whibley

The passion for biography, always violent in our midst, increases with the passing years. An insatiable curiosity has taken hold of those who subscribe to the circulating libraries. They demand reminiscences as lightly censored by truth or taste as can be written or read. They prefer the pages of infamous gossip to be sprinkled over with great names, and if the bearers of the great names can be belittled they are the better pleased. Fortunately, most of the rag-bags which are thrust every week upon our notice live but a week or two. They have neither truth nor beauty to recommend them, and they disappear rapidly into that mysterious limbo which exists in some dim place for books which are no books.

The few, the very few, who refrain from writing their own reminiscences, are happy if they can submit to the process of biography some poet or hero who has, perchance, escaped notice. No sooner is genius laid upon its bier than the vultures are ready to swoop and to drag from the dead bones two (or more) volumes of what were once most worthily described as "remains." With an energy amazing only for its misdirection the "collector" wanders abroad that he may purchase the secrets of poets whom he never knew, and may snatch a brief notoriety from the common ridicule wherein he envelops a great talent. So we have seen Shelley become a hero of intrigue. In the memory of the tragedy or comedy of Venice we have been asked to forget that Alfred de Musset was a poet or George Sand a writer of fiction. They played their parts, in a foolish drama, with the monstrous Dr. Pagello, and that has seemed enough for thousands of hungry readers to whom poetry and fiction are alike tiresome, and who

delight if a chance be given them of eavesdropping upon the dead.

Especially have men of letters been the victims of this dull curiosity. Nor is the reason hard to discover. The compulsory spread of education has made all men and women readers. And it is easier and more amusing to read about poets than to study their works. "Without the publication of intimate correspondence," said Jules Lemaître in no mood of irony, "the immortality of the dead would be something lethargic, for we have not the leisure to read their works every morning." Indeed we have not, though we may be surprised that an eminent critic should have found so poor an excuse as this for those who rather than glance at a masterpiece would feign an intimacy with the sordid details of the master's life. It would be better that the immortality of the dead should be for ever lethargic than that the tragedies of past lives should be uncovered by clumsy and impious hands.

Another excuse, frequently made, for the prevailing indiscretion is that we have a right to know whatever a writer may have done or suffered in his journey through the world. We have no *right* to know anything at all about him, unless he has left behind him a clear record or has entrusted a friend to perform the delicate task of biography. It is argued that we shall better understand his work in prose or verse if the incidents of his private life are revealed to us. Even if this argument were sound it would not carry us very far. Nothing is relevant to the career of a poet or hero unless it be characteristic of him, or unless it shape and colour his achievement. To relate of a writer, with slight variations, the petty experiences, which he shares with many others, of falling into love or into debt is merely to pander to an idle curiosity. That a poet should have trouble with his creditors is sad indeed, because it proves that in general the rewards of poetry are miserably small. His debts tell you nothing of a man whose genius is unaffected by the incidents of his daily life. And they are no good friends to the dead who reveal their misfortunes to the idle mob, which, while they lived, would not throw a guinea away upon the purchase of their works.

But the art of biography will still be practised as long

as men and women are idle and curious. The supply will answer the demand, and we can only be grateful when the reminiscent refrain from scandal and falsehood. More than this, if it fall into the right hands biography is a delicate art, whose limits are worth defining. And no definition will be satisfactory that does not satisfy the claims both of art and of behaviour. If the subject exacts a frank and free discussion of his foibles, his biographer is freed from reproach. Carlyle, for instance, demanded that no secret of his life should be kept, and we have no right to blame Froude for anything other than an artistic failure. Byron had not the good fortune of Carlyle. He, too, asked publicity before all things. He had no desire to hide either his strength or his weakness from the world. He, too, had a passion of self-revelation. Moreover, he represented not only the poetry but the character of his age, and so openly was his life given to the public that thousands exercised, with a certain right, the function of criticism. What he himself desired most ardently was a frank and honest account of himself, an account which should answer the bitter libels of the past. That he intended that this account should be published is clear from the carefully composed memoir which he entrusted to Moore, who was not faithful to his trust. It is easier to condone the worst indiscretion than the folly which sacrificed to the flames Byron's apology for his life.

The irresponsible biographer, then, cannot emerge triumphantly from his task unless he perform the double duty which he owes to the dead and to his art. Nor is his first duty—his duty to the dead—a light one. He must prove first that he is guiltless of indiscretion, that he has betrayed no secret which his hero would choose to keep. He must exercise to the dead the same courtesy and reticence which he owes to the living, and from this duty no ingenuity of thought or argument shall absolve him. In vain will he plead a love of truth in excuse for his betrayal, for truth in this matter, were it possible, is not of the highest value, and truth which is half told is indistinguishable from falsehood. And then he must prove that he has fulfilled the æsthetic aim of biography, which is portraiture with a retrospect. He must prove that he knows how to select and how to reject—the most difficult of his tasks. He must show a

power of rigidly suppressing the documents which he has used, and of catching from a mass of letters, books, and pamphlets a complete and vivid impression. He must separate his subject from all others of the human race, and record only what is essential and characteristic. For it is the business of literature to synthesise experience, and to take no account of what is irrelevant. It is the habit of the workman and the dealer in reminiscences to sweep all his raw material into a heap and call it biography.

If we cast an eye back upon the past, we shall find that the best biographies we have are among the longest and the shortest. On the one hand stand, majestically apart, Boswell's *Johnson* and Lockhart's *Walter Scott*. These two artists produced their effects by a multiplicity of details. All that they knew of their heroes they put upon paper, and trusted (not in vain) to the tact and artistry, which helped them to produce out of many touches a homogeneous portrait. And after these massive works there come next in quality such brief essays as Walton's *Lives* and Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, essays from which every word that is unessential is squeezed out. Who shall say which is the better method? It depends partly upon the skill and temperament of the artist, partly upon the eloquence and activity of the subject. Johnson and Walter Scott were full men in every sense, men who filled their lives with talk and work. How, then, should they be represented save upon a large canvas? Yet Walton and Johnson, employing a small brush and covering a narrow space, have not failed in the representation of character. They are masters, all four, and there are few, indeed, to set by their side. And in conclusion it may be said that the worst foe to biography that has yet appeared is the disciple of Freud, who crawls like a snail over all that is comely in life and art. The ingenious critic who brings everything and everybody back to sexual perversity, who detects in the story of Achilles and Patroclus the proof of Homer's own sin, will presently exceed in indiscretion and falsehood all the concocters of sham memoirs, and may, if he choose, involve in one common slander the great men of all the ages.

A Victorian in the Twentieth Century

By Lady Cobbe

It would be difficult to imagine more uncompromising surroundings—an enormous block of flats dumped in the heart of Maida Vale; a common entrance, lit by a garish gas jet, the door set wide open with no plush be-coated or be-powdered footman to guard the privacy of the inhabitants; a narrow staircase, the carpet worn and dirty, which outraged the tender reminiscence of past grandeur, and led me at long last to a tiny private doorway, high up on the fifth or sixth landing. I climbed breathlessly, my heart sore against circumstance which forced a personage of the past to dwell in such contrast to her once accustomed sphere.

I had met my Victorian relative before, but in my own surroundings, not in hers. I had found much to entertain me in the fierce old lady, who took an almost violent interest in modern problems, with zealous care guarding her Tory illusions from the cold breath of reality. At long intervals she would appear at my study door unannounced, peering through her gold-rimmed spectacles, head a little on one side like some wise but inquisitive old bird. The preposterous clothes and terrifying headdress bore eloquent witness to her compromise between the present and the past.

Standing before my blazing fire, the while endless cloaks were slowly unfolded, with frank enjoyment she would recount the history of her latest tussle with 'bus conductor or taxi-man. Then, drawing forth a square of pasteboard, she would bid me attend her to some meeting, whether anti-vivisection, anti-Semite, anti-suffrage mattered little so that it proved reactionary enough.

To-day I answered a peremptory call and toiled to the far ends of Maida Vale to find her. She opened the

door to me, her hair, guiltless of cap or ribbon, piled in a white crown about her head. With a gesture of welcome she led me to the tiny sitting-room perched high above the lights of London. The tea-table was spread—for me, I know, since she denied herself such luxuries. On the tray glittered some fine old Georgian silver, polished by her own hands, with better results than might have been obtained by many a lackey. Singing on a villainous gas appliance near the fireplace was a beautiful old kettle, while on the opposite side an outrageous petrol-gas invention spluttered and swore in a voluble attempt to do duty for the absent wood fire.

No longer did she appear stern and forbidding, or merely ridiculous, as I had so often seen her: neither so robust, so resolute, nor so go-ahead as when she swept into my room, replete with information from the outside world. The very atmosphere was filled with a great quiet, so that I knew some hidden shrine was almost within my reach. Could it be that all the bustle amid the affairs of men was only a forgetting?

I gazed round the little room. On the walls hung those silent witnesses to the past, the stern forefathers whom she held as implacable judges of every mood and caprice. Soldiers were there, and archbishops, and statesmen—no politicians—and ambassadors; gracious ladies, creators of frail samplers and fine tapestries: one and all looked down upon their daughter in grim, exacting silence. Even I, feeling their presence, straightened my shoulders and forbore to smoke in deference to their judgment. The tinkling laughter of other tea-parties, the trivial drawing-rooms of my friends, the affectation and frivolity, shrank to mean proportions beneath their eyes.

We began the pilgrimage, standing in tribute before each relic. From the plundering archbishop of Cromwellian days, down through the succeeding centuries, each generation was commemorated. Mostly they were engravings of famous paintings, sometimes only photographs of such engravings, but there were a few beautiful miniatures—one set in a ring; another, the centre of a bracelet and surrounded with brilliants, was worn just for me to-day.

"This is my great uncle," I heard her voice repeating.

"He was killed in the Crimea. He wrote such wonderful letters; I have them all. In the last he tells us that he had just seen Florence Nightingale at Scutari. He had known her, of course, before those days. . . . That is Charles, the 'great and good' as they called him. He never did anything—not like the others—but four of his sons followed Marlborough to the wars and only one returned. No, Charles was never famous, only great and good." The wise old eyes smiled at me, and I nodded in silent understanding.

"Here is the Mutiny hero, poor lad, killed at the siege of Delhi. His last letter, I have it here, was written before he was twenty-one. In it he says there was news of trouble, and that someone had blundered."

We passed from one treasure to another. Sometimes it was a letter she handed me, the paper yellow with age, the script and wording of another generation; sometimes a faded photograph or pencil drawing, dull and blurred with much handling. Again and again she spoke, recording the history of her men, each with its quota to British history, each with his sacrifice in Britain's honour, even to the smiling khaki boy who laid down his life at Ypres. Just the story of a family possessed by one idea, inspired by one soul which shone again and yet again through the altering raiment of the ages. Whether it were Roundhead or Royalist armour, ambassadorial robes, John Company's uniform or the King's khaki, the strong features were the same, the fixed purpose common to them all. Just the story of a family enshrined in the heart of that one survival, the stern-faced, energetic modernist of the Victorian age.

"And the place?" I asked, my eyes resting at last upon the most hallowed of her relics: an exquisite etching of the fine old Tudor mansion which had cradled these sons of Britain and enshrined their quiet glory.

Her loyalty did not falter. "Yes, my home," she said, lifting the etching with reverent fingers. "As you know, it was sold. The death duties were too heavy when my nephew and his sons were killed in France. It has passed where there is money to give it all it needs."

This, even this, had England demanded of her own. But, watching the stern old face, in which no bitterness

or greed mingled with the deep lines of unrelenting grief, I knew that to her it had not seemed too much.

Has the spirit fled from England? I wondered, wending my way homewards among the struggling, buffeting crowd of workers in train and tube. Mingling with them I seemed to hear the tolling knell of a great age, to have witnessed the passing of a great idea, which had been visualised for me in the strong faces of her dead. Yet from among the crowd of white-faced, hurrying, city-bred wage-earners new ideas will spring, heralding maybe a greater glory, broader in vision, perhaps even stronger in purpose than that which had inspired my heroes. Still I paid tribute, as I watched, that but for these others the toiling crowds would have been without hope. Ungrateful, one generation looks back with amused tolerance on the one before, too often forgetful of its privilege to afford both gratitude and appreciation.

Song of the High-hearted

By Catherine M. Verschoyle

GIVE me the gorse and the heather,
And brambles and nettles too;
Give me all sorts of weather,
Tempest and heavenly blue.
Give me delight and weeping,
Laughter and love and hate;
Hope, too, and after sleeping
Waking at Heaven's gate.

England and France, 1914—1924

By Lieut.-Col. H. W. Worsley-Gough

Since the signing of the Treaty of Versailles the signatory Powers have repeatedly met in conference to consider the failure on the part of Germany to carry out the conditions of the Treaty. Almost invariably the result has been some modification of the Treaty in favour of Germany and at the expense of France, with the inevitable consequence that relations between France and England have become steadily worse, in spite of efforts to present the appearance of Allied solidarity. There are many people in this country who believe that in all that has happened since 1919 France has been treated with grave injustice. Unfortunately, those who so believe are for the most part inarticulate, on account of the great difficulty in obtaining any sort of effective publicity in the English Press for the presentation of the French point of view. Moreover, France has been, and is, continually subjected to systematic misrepresentation, the origin of which is sufficiently obvious to anyone who understands the methods of German propaganda. The fact that such misrepresentation goes always unanswered makes it incumbent on those who believe in the right and justice of France's case to state clearly and unequivocally the faith that is in them and endeavour to dispel some, at any rate, of the cloud of misunderstanding which obscures the real aims and aspirations of the French nation.

It is necessary to go back to the Peace Conference to find the origins and cause of much that has happened since. The great and urgent question always present in the minds of Frenchmen, and overshadowing everything else in 1919, is the question of future security. France, twice overrun by the same invader in the lifetime of one generation, is determined that she shall be safeguarded in the future against the repetition of the horrors of invasion, and French military opinion in 1919 was unhesitatingly in

favour of holding the line of the Rhine as the only sure guarantee of security. This, of course, was a proposition which, as is nearly always the case with any blunt, straightforward expression of the military view, shocked and alarmed the politicians, and the British and American representatives declared at once that such a proceeding would mean the creation of another Alsace-Lorraine question, with the inevitable result of another war. In fact, the question of the Rhine frontier was ruled out as impolitic and impossible, but, and here the eminent statesmen who uttered these objections rose nobly to the occasion, they offered to France a guarantee of future security fully equivalent to that rejected and fraught with no such untoward consequences as they professed to foresee as the result of the French proposal. The offer made to France was no less than a pact of guarantee whereby England and the United States of America bound themselves severally and jointly to come to the aid of France if and when the latter country should find herself the victim of an unprovoked attack by another Power. Such a pact assured the security of France and was at once accepted by the French representatives, while the question of the Rhine was dropped. The sequel is known. Congress, repudiating President Wilson, declined to ratify the suggested pact, and the British Coalition Government incontinently let the matter drop. Here then was France, denied the right to take what her military advisers considered the obvious steps to make herself secure against attack, and induced to abandon that right by a pledge which was repudiated almost as soon as made. Thus at the very beginning was originated that mistrust of Allied motives and sincerity which has done so much to imperil Anglo-French friendship and has brought the French to the belief that they must rely on themselves and their own efforts, independently of their Allies, to ensure for their country that security which is vital to her continued existence as a great Power. In furtherance of this policy France occupied the Ruhr basin, having first invited the Allies to join her in taking a step which the then French Government considered to be necessary and right. England declined, on the ground that the policy of the Ruhr occupation was economically unsound and likely to

defeat its ostensible object—the enforcement of reparation payment by Germany. Belgium went in with France.

It is unnecessary here to go into the rights and wrongs of the Ruhr question. Opinion in both France and England is divided as to the wisdom and expediency of France's action; though the reflection may be permitted that, had the occupation of the Ruhr in January, 1923, been carried out by the Allies acting in concert, it is more than probable that Germany's repeated evasions of the Treaty would have been put an end to and the ultimate settlement of Europe brought appreciably nearer. Be that is it may—what we are here more immediately concerned with is the fact that France, in every effort she has made to enforce the Treaty and obtain redress from Germany, has been met every time with dissent and opposition on the part of England. The result of such a state of affairs has been lamentable in both countries. In France there exists (and who shall say without reason?) the feeling that England, having secured as the result of the victory the whole of the German colonies, and, what is of greater importance, the disappearance of German sea-power, has, with her own territory untouched, thwarted and impeded every step taken by France to obtain payment for the wanton and ruthless destruction wrought in her country and to secure herself against a repetition of the outrage. Here is matter for bitterness indeed.

In England, on the other hand, every action taken by France since the Armistice has been interpreted by Press and politicians alike in terms of Chauvinism, Imperialism, Napoleonic militarism, etc., etc. To anyone who knows France and the French people to-day such an interpretation of their mood and feelings is both absurd and grotesquely untrue—but a lie once started is difficult to overtake, and this particular lie finds but too easy acceptance in minds trained in a tradition of mistrust and worked on by the never-ceasing mass-suggestion of German propaganda.

A further difficulty in the way of those who are trying to educate English opinion in the French point of view is the idea, sedulously spread, that France should give evidence of her good faith in settling her debt with England before lending money to countries of the Little

Entente. Anyone who seeks to put the French view in recent disagreements is met with the query, "Why doesn't France pay her debt to us? We are paying America." On the face of it the question seems reasonable enough, and it is worth while to set out, briefly, what is the French point of view in this question. On the one side, it is stated that France, owing England more than six hundred millions sterling, makes no effort to pay her debt, and yet, at the same time, is known to be making large advances to other countries in Central Europe. What are the reasons for such an attitude? The answer is that France's reasons fall under two heads, moral and material.

In the first place, French opinion is practically unanimous to the effect that it is grossly unjust to expect France, who has suffered infinitely more from the war than any other belligerent, to pay large sums to her Allies, of whom not one has offered her a helping hand to retrieve the ruin that the war has brought upon her. Not only has England offered no material help—a reflection made in no spirit of complaint, but simply as a matter of fact—but she has done nothing, or practically nothing, in the way of bringing pressure to bear on Germany with a view to enforcing payment of the reparation debt.

There is a very general opinion in France that since she has suffered from the war in killed, wounded, permanently disabled, and, in material losses, more than any of her Allies, it would only be in accordance with common fairness that her share of the war expenses should be proportionately reduced. France's war debt is represented for the major part by purchases of war material and commodities essential to the prosecution of the war—purchases which have been of considerable benefit to the countries —England and America—in which they were made. Every pound sterling and every dollar owed by France to England and America represents Allied blood shed in the common cause. If human life could be weighed in the balance of material things, which, in the circumstances, would be only just—"pool the expenses and pool the blood"—there can be no question but that France would stand as creditor among the Allies. Unfortunately, the Treaty of Versailles gave no sanction to this pooling of all expenditure, blood and money alike, and although

France realises the flagrant injustice of this refusal to recognise the essentials of the case, she is nevertheless bound to stand by the Treaty.

But France has other reasons to justify the non-payment of her debt. She holds that payment to her of the damage she has suffered should come before the payment of her debt to her Allies. As a matter of fact, in March, 1916, representatives of the Allied Governments, in conference asembled, decided to "mettre en pratique dans le domaine économique, leur solidarité de vues et d'interêts," and the economic conference held in Paris for that purpose was charged "de proposer les mesures propres à réaliser cette solidarité." This conference adopted, among other resolutions, the following:— "Proclamant leur solidarité pour la restauration des pays victimes de destructions, de spoliations, et de réquisitions abusives, les alliés décident de réchercher en common les moyens de faire restituter à ces pays *à titre privilégié*, ou de les aider à reconstituer, leurs matières premières, leur outillage industriel et agricole, leur cheptel et leur flotte marchande." There was evidently then at this date in the minds of the Allies the idea and the intention that debts contracted among themselves for common war expenses could not be recovered prior to the payment of reparations.

Articles 231 and 232 of the Treaty of Versailles point to the same conclusion. In virtue of these articles the victorious nations forgo the payment by Germany of the total amount representing the Allied losses, damages and, generally speaking, war expenses, although, as a matter of principle, they affirm their right to demand such payment. They restrict their claim to payment for damage to life and property. In other words, damage to life and property has, in the opinion of the Allies, priority over war expenses—such expenses ranking after reparations and war pensions. This principle has, moreover, been applied by France in dealing with her own debtors, from whom she has never thought of claiming payment of their debts amounting to three hundred millions sterling.

In addition to the moral reasons which, in the French view, justify their attitude in the matter of the debt there are material reasons. France *cannot* pay her debt. This

statement seems at first sight to conflict with that so often made in France—that Germany can pay her reparation debt. But the English should be the last to express astonishment, considering that they have always regarded as excessive the demands made on Germany for reparations. It behoves England, more than any other, to take into account the fact that France would be ruined if she paid her debts, and, though England may well desire to relieve Germany, it cannot be that she desires to ruin France.

If Frenchmen have cherished—if they still cherish—illusions as to the amount Germany can transfer to France, England, better informed financially, has long appreciated the difficulty of the operation. So great is the difficulty, that in the section specially devoted to this question in their report, the experts have only stated the problem without making any effort to solve it.

And yet Germany has no external debt; she has, on the contrary, important credits abroad—and everyone knows by what fraudulent methods she has succeeded in extinguishing her internal debt. France, on the other hand, has been obliged, owing to the failure of Germany, to shoulder the entire cost of reconstruction in her devastated areas. Over and above capital disbursements of more than one hundred milliards of francs, she has been obliged, in default of Germany, to budget for a sum of about ten milliards of francs, representing the interest on debts contracted for reparations to persons and property.

It is not then reasonably to be expected that France should pay both reparations and her debts at the same time. It would not be in the interests of England, where so much importance is attached to the economic restoration of Germany, to exact payments from France which would cause her ruin. But how is it—one so often hears the question asked in England—how is it that France has been able to lend money to certain States in Central Europe? The answer is simple enough. In the first place, the sums in question are relatively small, and, further, these loans have not meant the actual transfer of funds; they have been effected by the simple process of opening credits.

Such, briefly stated, is the French view of the debt

question, and it is worthy of careful consideration by people in this country, who are in danger of forgetting that the French are a people who attach as much importance as we do to the honourable fulfilment of their national obligations and are every bit as jealous of their national honour. Much else of importance is ignored or obscured in the atmosphere of deliberately manufactured prejudice which clouds the question of Anglo-French relations. To dispel the clouds of suspicion and mistrust and enable people once again to see France as they saw her when we fought together against a common danger is a very urgent need to-day if that danger is not to recur.

With France and England standing together the peace of Europe is assured. To let the case for understanding and alliance go by default is to see the schism widen and to imperil the whole fabric of civilisation.

American Glimpses

II. An Interview with Mr. Hoover

By William A. Robson

DURING my stay in Washington I was fortunate enough to obtain quite a long interview with the Secretary for Commerce, who is without doubt one of the most forcible and interesting characters in American public life.

Mr. Hoover is a remarkable man, very quiet and agreeable, but impressively sure of himself. He struck me as possessing great resourcefulness, as having considerable inner reserves of strength upon which to draw in case of need. He is not a person who could be easily floored or rattled or disconcerted in any situation whatever. But what a typical engineer of a man he is, with all the precision, the economy, the lack of eloquence, and the practicability that modern engineering science has emphasised in human character. Not for such as him the cultural graces of the world, nor the world of imaginative dreams. His field will ever remain the province of concrete achievement in material things. Yet in these times of tremendous economic stress (in Europe, at any rate), that kind of work has become far more important than it ever was before. And it is often done, by men like Mr. Hoover, with an altruistic desire to serve the common good that compares not unfavourably with the motives of the acknowledged servants of mankind—the great artists, the preachers, the teachers, the writers, the heroes of the battlefield, the scientific investigators, the social workers.

We talked about education, and Mr. Hoover was a perfect encyclopædia of practical knowledge. He knew exactly what the capital outlay of the Universities per student came to. But that was not the end or perhaps even the beginning of his vision. "My grandfather," he said, "went to school for five years. My father went to school for twelve years. I went to school for eighteen years. And my sons will have had twenty-two years of it. That is the progress of education in America." There is something large about the sweep of his mind. One of the interesting things we discussed was the increasing demand for non-technical education of a general character, as distinct from a specialised training. I have

discovered in America many indications that the trend of university education is rather in the direction of a return to generalisation and a reaction from excessive specialisation; and Mr. Hoover's own view appeared to be that the big executive work in business needs a man whose mind had been developed by a first-class general education rather than moulded into a narrow groove by great specialisation.

* * * * * *

There is a very interesting reflection of this tendency to be observed in the economic sphere. A very large number of people whom I met in every walk of American life were, vocationally speaking, in a transitory stage. They had come from a different occupation into their present one, and were planning to go eventually into still another. Unfortunately, this is rarely possible in England, where a life sentence is usually the order of the day. Being doomed to a single job all your days is a narrowing thing, and I am sure life is richer for a diversity of experience. Curiously enough, it does not appear to be incompatible with society obtaining all the essential advantages to be derived from specialisation, which is, indeed, carried to a further point in the U.S.A. than in Europe. In England, for example, a carpenter is expected to know the whole range of carpentering from beginning to end; and this involves a long apprenticeship to the trade. So that if a man wishes to escape from his carpenterhood he must sacrifice a great deal more than if he had merely learnt the particular part of the craft at which he normally works. In America, on the contrary, it is not the all-round carpenter who is wanted so much as a man who can nail up wooden slats on a house efficiently, and this does not take very long to learn, given a fair level of intelligence.

I found evidence of the same sort of thing among brain-workers. I met professors who had previously spent years of their life cultivating rice plantations and growing fruit; executives in business who had been professors; a journalist who was going into oil; a musician who had emerged from steel. In certain branches of the higher kind of intellectual work the standards occasionally suffer from an absence of a life-long study of the subject; but there are many advantages to be put to the other side of the account in terms of human development and happiness.

Government and Power Development*

By the Hon. Herbert Hoover
Secretary of Commerce of the United States

We of the present day who are supplied with all the conveniences that modern civilisation affords, who can travel with comfort almost anywhere, who in a few hours' time can communicate with any part of the world, who can get light and heat and power by the mere turn of a switch, can scarcely appreciate the tremendous economic and social changes which have taken place since the days when men literally earned their bread by the sweat of their brows. Measured by the span of time since our savage ancestors fashioned their first crude tools, it was but yesterday that all human needs were supplied by handcraft only. It is only 160 years since Watt's discovery of the steam engine ushered in the "industrial revolution." It is but little more than 100 years since the construction of the first steamboat. It is only 80 years since the railroad began actively to supplant the canal boat in inland transportation. It is only some 30 years since the production and use of electric energy became an important element in our industrial life.

The factor that has been primarily responsible for the tremendous changes of the last century, and without which modern civilisation could not exist, is mechanical power. The form in which in increasing degree such power is being applied is electric energy—the greatest tool that has ever come into the hands of man. The degree to which we utilise this tool as a substitute for manual labour will largely determine the rate of our industrial and social progress. To reduce human labour, to increase its productivity, is the most profound basis of social advancement. To bring about this substitution, and in the process to economise in the use of sources of power, to organise production, and to provide the necessary safeguards for the

* Copyright—All rights reserved.

producer and the consumer, is one of the major problems of the present day.

This paper, in discussing policies of government which are best suited to secure in the public interest the maximum development and widest distribution of electric power at least cost to the consumer, will, naturally, draw its conclusions primarily from conditions and tendencies prevailing in the United States. Our conditions differ materially from those elsewhere in one particular: that we have large hydro-electric sources, and that they must be considered as a supplement to steam power; and we have problems of larger transmission to deal with owing to the geographical relation of water power and coalfields to our consumption centres.

The characteristic feature of early power development in the United States was the isolated power plant. Each factory was self-contained, generating its own power by water or by steam, with capacity sufficient only for its individual needs. The characteristic feature of the power development of the future will be groups of efficient generating stations, of large capacity, hydro and fuel, interconnected into single operating systems covering wide areas and serving a great variety of uses. Interconnection is the road along which more economical expansion and use of electric energy must proceed. Indeed, we have before us a step of progress which will lead into every field of our economic life.

We have in the United States more than 50 million horse-power of water power resources. We have a central station capacity of over 16 million horse-power and an installation in manufacturing establishments of some 34 million horse-power, or a total installation of 50 million horse-power. The output of central electric stations increased from 6 billion kilowatt hours in 1907 to 48 billion in 1923, and will doubtless exceed 60 billion by 1925. We will need 30 millions more of electrical horse-power in 30 years to meet our needs. We must find from 30 to 40 billion dollars of new capital with which to add to our national plant the new equipment needed for the generation, distribution, and use of these new supplies of electric energy. Similar progress will be made in other countries also.

The real purpose of all this development will be not to make self-satisfying statistics or to provide means for issuance of new stocks and bonds. Its real purpose will be this: That through more power we shall make a still greater saving in labour, shall increase the product of labour, and shall lessen the burden upon labour. Thus we shall gain in higher standards of living, and in wider enjoyment and comfort to every fireside—a goal which should be the sole end and purpose of the economic effort of every nation.

The new vista in progress which has been opened to us is due to the perfection in transmission of electric energy up to 200 or even 300 miles and to higher mechanical efficiency of our generators, with capacities reaching up to 70,000 h.p. in a single machine. With these twin developments comes the opportunity to generate power in much larger and more economically located stations and to harness and bring to the centres of population water powers which were too remote for use even ten years ago.

Notwithstanding the progress already made, we have in the United States to-day about 6,000 separate power and lighting systems, and less than 10 per cent. of our power systems are interconnected. To take advantage of these new forces we need interconnection of these isolated systems over large geographical areas so as to provide a sort of great reservoir into which these larger streams of power may be poured from central steam stations and from our great water powers. We have many gains to make through this wider interconnection and through central station generation. From them we shall secure cheaper production costs, greater reliability of service, better utilisation and consequent conservation of our coal supplies, and larger use of our available water powers.

Our thousands of minor isolated generating plants are each compelled to maintain reserve capacity in order to insure supply and reliability. Their very interconnection into large groups enables them safely to abandon a large proportion of their individual reserves and to rely upon a central reserve. By their interconnection we secure at once a larger diversification of use and a greater regularity of load, so that the same capacity of generating equipment will take care of a much larger number of consumers. Taking the nation as a whole, we do not to-day, on the

average, work our isolated plants to more than 20 per cent. of their full capacity, yet with interconnection we can expect to raise this figure to at least 50 per cent.

Beyond this again lies the better utilisation of water powers. In the section of the United States east of the Rocky Mountains from 75 to 80 per cent. of our power requirement must be generated by steam, even under the maximum development of the streams and rivers of that section. The power that is available from these streams varies from winter to summer. The secondary power from the flood flow is of little value by itself, for light, heat and power must be continuous, but by pouring it into a general reservoir of consumption this seasonal supply can be used while the steam plants stand by for the low-water season. Thus can be secured the full development and use of the secondary power of the streams—a use which will nearly double the amount of our available water power. The close relation between water power development and interconnection, and the extent to which they are interdependent, is evidenced by the fact that the two greatest systems in the United States, the one on the Pacific Coast and the other in the Southern States, have been developed concurrently with the development of water power, and that there are no systems based primarily on steam power that are comparable with these in magnitude.

Such power systems render the electrification of many railways possible, offer advantages to the large manufacturer, should ultimately displace thousands of our small steam plants, and should place reserves of power available for every demand.

Finally, the centralisation of power development and distribution through the medium of these great power systems will make possible decentralisation of industry. When industries are operated by direct steam power and their energy requirements are supplied in the form of coal, they must locate near established transportation lines; and they tend, therefore, to concentrate at certain favourable points, creating crowded urban conditions and congested terminals. When the energy can be supplied in the form of electricity and delivered over a wire, and when the supply is equally available in country and city, there will no longer be occasion for the crowding we now deplore. To what extent or how rapidly industry will decentralise

we can only conjecture; but the general availability of power everywhere within the limits of our interconnected systems will afford for the first time a definite opportunity for such decentralisation.

The indirect results, both human and material, are even more important than the preceding statements would imply; for no account has been taken of the vast losses to industry and to commerce by the actual interruption and threatened interruption of fuel supplies to our several hundred thousand independent steam units, no account of the relief to shippers from already overburdened transportation and terminal facilities, no account of the increased production of factories from cheaper power, no account of the reduction in physical labour, and the increase in comfort.

To secure the rapid adoption of these demonstratedly possible results is of profound public importance.

While the technical problems connected with these great systems are numerous and intricate, they are rapidly being solved. The most difficult problems are those of finance, administration and public relations. Huge sums of money must constantly be invested to keep pace with the rapidly increasing demands for power. The output of these stations in kilowatt hours is more than doubling each five years. To raise the hundreds of millions of new investment which will annually be required is no small financial task. The necessary capital will, however, be forthcoming if its investment is reasonably safeguarded. The manner in which the various adjacent groups shall be united into a single larger system, the adjustment of the interests of security holders, the methods of operation, the allocation of energy supply within the territory served, all matters of increasing complexity with the increase of the area affected, present administrative problems which the industry must largely solve for itself.

Now all this gigantic development raises also hosts of problems in governmental relations. If we would secure these great benefits we need a wise statesmanship. From its very nature the industry is one where there must be a large measure of public control. Yet to draw the fundamental principles upon which these relationships should be based is no easy task. They reach deep into our whole social conceptions.

When we come to the practical problems of government in relation to this problem, the test lies in two directions. Do the policies proposed safeguard the equality of opportunity of our citizens? Do they maintain the initiative of our people? For in our answer to the first of these questions must lie the deadline against discrimination and exploitation, and thus the protection of the public interest; and, in the answer to the second, the deadline against Socialism.

The economical generation and distribution of power require local territorial monopoly. Competing systems in power distribution in the same area mean an enormous duplication of capital and represent a tremendous waste in equipment and in operation, and in the end such duplication is a charge upon the consumer. But when we accept the principle of monopoly we at once must accept the principle of public regulation. There may be a few who still contend for the right to do anything they please, but they are fast recognising the inevitable. The principle of public regulation has been universally recognised over the entire nation. The several States have created public-service commissions with wide powers of regulation over rates, profits, and the equitable distribution of power.

While such public regulation has not yet met with complete success, and while we need in still greater degree the creation of a public opinion which will insist that public-service commissions be chosen because of fitness for the task rather than political affiliations, and that they shall be as unhampered in their operations as our courts, I am convinced that these bodies have demonstrated the feasibility of constructive regulation, and are more and more showing the ability to reach that fine adjustment necessary to secure initiative and enterprise in the development of our power resources while at the same time fully protecting the public interest. Were this not so we would not have had the great development of the last decade, and the public would long since have rebelled.

Our Governmental relations, until recent years, could be compassed by the sole authority of the separate States. But to-day, through longer transmission and through interconnection, State boundaries in power distribution are fast disappearing. Moreover, the control of the greater part

of our water resources lies in the Federal Government, and their distribution also must move across State lines.

These new developments thrust upon us new consideration of public relationship. Unless we have a liquid flow of power into national channels of consumption we shall have permanently a larger cost, less reliability of service, and an imperfect utilisation of our coal and water resources. We cannot secure super-power development unless there is free flow of power across State lines. We have thus at once created at least a physical and economic inter-State question. Our power development must henceforth take a national and not a local basis.

There are time-honoured disputes over State rights with regard to water. Somewhat similar questions are being raised in many States with regard to water power, and some States are attempting to place embargoes on the export of electric energy developed from their water powers. From a legal standpoint it cannot be assumed that any such embargoes can constitutionally be placed upon the free flow of power across State boundaries. Regardless of its legal standing, however, such a policy would be economically unsound from every standpoint of general public welfare. While consideration should be given to the practical situation affecting those who live near sources of water power and who believe they should have first call on their resources, the solution is one of constructive co-operation, not isolation—a solution which will recognise the rights of the individual States and yet permit interconnection with neighbouring sources of power to be fully established.

Federal regulation is not the road to the solution of the problems of inter-State movement of power. Any such Federal regulation as has developed in transportation would be disastrous to the development of our power resources. The fact is slowly emerging that the United States will eventually divide itself into several power districts each with its own problems—problems relating to the origin of power, problems of climate, problems relating to the character of industries and uses. No national regulation can supply that intimate knowledge of local problems which the electric industry requires. The problems of power development and distribution should find their best solution in co-ordinated regulation among groups

of States with, perhaps, voluntary assistance from the Federal Government in securing this co-ordination.

Another of our public relationships to power lies in the Federal control of the larger part of our great water powers. Under the Federal Power Commission we have undertaken to secure the development of these great sources of power through private initiative under terms providing for the full protection of the public and for recovering to the Government the right at the end of fifty years to resume ownership. There are those, however, who insist that the Federal Government should undertake the development of its great water powers, and, in fact, all of our super-power systems. Much of this insistence comes from lack of understanding of the practical aspect of the industry. We find many people enthralled with the notions of "super-power," or "giant power," who conceive it a superimposed financial and industrial structure over all existing systems. At once they envisage a gigantic and grinding trust in the background. As a matter of fact, no super-structure of this sort is possible. "Super-power" means interconnection of systems and larger central stations, fuel or water, scattered over the whole nation. It is in daily progress before our very eyes. Interconnection does not imply extensive capital consolidation or the building up of great trusts. It implies the sale and re-sale of power from one utility distribution system to another; it implies co-operative action between utilities in the erection of central stations; and it must embrace municipal plants as well as corporation plants. It implies no gigantic exploitation, for that is impossible under State regulation of rates and profits.

But there are objections of even more fundamental importance. The progress of our nation can come only by preserving on the one hand the vital initiative and enterprise of our people, and on the other hand an equality of opportunity for all. Both would be strangled by the hand of bureaucracy and politics. No bureaucracy with a board of directors of 580 Congressmen and Senators would have made the electrical discoveries of the last fifty years or pioneered their application. Our political system has not yet developed, and will not for generations to come, to a point where it will have either the capacity to choose skill or the assured probity to operate these imple-

ments. Our institutions will break down if we impose such burdens upon them. If we have not the capacity to regulate these great instrumentalities in the public interest, much less do we possess the capacity to operate them through the agency of the Federal Government. There are exceptions in the case of certain power developments which involve flood control and international questions which must, however, be considered as special problems in Federal relations.

It is not enough that the several States should exercise independent powers of regulation within their own borders. Modern power developments cover a field much more extensive than the limits of any one State. If we are to accomplish the best results, there not only must be continuity in the policy of individual States, but there must also be a reasonable uniformity in policy and in legislation between adjacent States; and these policies and laws must be adopted and administered for the purpose of promoting the general public interest rather than the social theories or political fortunes of any party, group or individual. Interconnection between the administrative agencies of the several States should go step by step with the physical interconnection of generating stations. No other policy would be so well calculated to obviate any necessity of Federal intervention in the questions surrounding the inter-State transmission of power.

Certain State legislation, enacted or proposed, has placed, or is seeking to place, unnecessary restrictions on power development. Some propose halting all development pending a general survey of power resources. Others have proposals for reversion of property to the State without compensation, for special and excessive taxation, and for grants or franchises of too short duration to justify the expenditures which large-scale development requires. What the effect of such legislation must necessarily be has been abundantly proven by the almost complete cessation of construction under the earlier Federal legislation affecting navigable streams. Even when such provisions do not halt development altogether they increase its cost, and such increases must be reflected in less satisfactory service or in higher rates than need otherwise prevail. The imposition of excessive taxation upon power development does nothing else, of course, than to shift by so much

the burden of State support from the people as a whole to that particular group who use the power so taxed.

Of similar import are the frequent proposals to lay upon water-power development the cost of other public improvements, thus charging such cost not against the group or the section actually benefiting by such improvement, but against the users of power—industries and individuals that may be wholly unrelated to and in no wise benefited by the particular public improvement.

Not only should we do away with inhibitory legislation, but we also need in many instances enabling legislation to clear the way to adequate power development and distribution. There is lack in certain States of satisfactory laws covering the expropriation of private property. Power development is a public utility. Its purpose is public service. Public-utility companies are agents of the State, and as such should have, under proper safeguards and on the certificate of appropriate authorities, the right to acquire power sites and transmission rights of way in the same manner as the State itself—by the exercise of the power of eminent domain. There is need of a clearer definition of the respective rights and obligations of power companies and other utilities where the transmission lines of the former cross or parallel the properties of the latter, particularly telephone and telegraph lines, railroads and railways. We need also clarification and simplification of the laws of incorporation that we may not require a single property to be separated into artificial units and operated by independent corporate organisations, simply because the property as a whole is not located within the jurisdiction of a single State or of a single political subdivision of that State.

It is the business of Government to provide an open road for the exercise of the individual initiative of its citizens, not to substitute its own activities for that initiative; to see that free opportunity is given for the economic production of wealth, not to produce wealth itself. That Government is the wisest which does not attempt to perform those functions which more localised agencies, governmental or otherwise, can perform for themselves. It is the business of Government to regulate and control, not to manage or operate. In the stress of international competition, in the endeavour to produce the

goods and create the means by which to improve living conditions, to raise social standards, and to increase the intellectual capacity of its citizenship, that nation will progress fastest and farthest which leaves its people freest from hampering restrictions.

In the creation and operation of great agencies of production abuses have arisen and will arise again; but the test of our whole economic and social system is in its capacity to cure its own abuses. If we are to be wholly dependent on Government to cure them we shall by this very method have created an enlarged and deadening abuse through the clumsy and incapable handling of delicate economic forces. Through the growing strength of the associational activities of our industries, our professions, and our occupations, we have the greatest hope for the development of those high standards of conduct in public relations which in practical application will minimise the necessity for Government intervention to cure abuses. In the transformation in the whole super-organisation of our economic life we are passing from a period of extreme individualistic action into a period of associational activities. In these associational activities lie forces pregnant with infinite possibilities of moral progress, possibilities of a larger public vision and the establishment of public confidence.

All business needs a lifting purpose greater than the struggle of materialism. But this does not lie in some visionary and emotional crusade. It lies in the higher pitch of economic life and a finer regard for the rights of others; through the organisation of the great tools in our economic life so that they may produce happier individual lives, more secure in employment, wider in possibilities of comfort and enjoyment, larger in possibilities of intellectual life.

The Government can best contribute through stimulation of and co-operation with voluntary forces in our national life; for we thus preserve the foundations upon which we have progressed so far—the initiative of our people. With vision and devotion these voluntary forces can accomplish more for America than any spread of the hand of Government.

Christmas Meditations Upon Alcohol

By Henry Arthur Jones

"It is sweet," says Lucretius, "when on the great sea the winds trouble its waters, to behold from land another's deep distress. . . . It is sweet also to look upon the mighty struggles of war arrayed along the plains, without sharing yourself in the danger. . . It is sweet to see from what evils you are yourself exempt."

This is not an amiable frame of mind to cultivate towards the sufferings of our fellow creatures. Indeed, Lucretius explains that he did not so much take delight in seeing other people afflicted, as in finding himself lapped in cosy security from the ills they were enduring.

As Christmas approaches we may allow ourselves some Lucretius-like feeling of self-congratulation, when we remember that across the Atlantic there are millions of our fellow creatures who will be condemned to spend it in total abstinence. For myself, remembering the countless kindnesses I have received from Americans, this thought would sadden my entire Christmastide, did I not also remember that it is by no savage decree of Fate, by no just retaliation from offended Heaven, that millions of Americans are thus penalised, but by their own wilful consent to the stratagems of that perennial clique whose business it is to sadden the lives of their neighbours, and who find their only pleasure in depriving other folk of enjoyment.

In the matter of alcohol we are bound to listen to the testimony of the doctors. An increasing weight of medical opinion tends to shut it out altogether from our daily use. It is certain that great numbers of our phthisicky, rickety, C_3 city populations ought never to taste alcohol. But then they ought never to have been born at all. It is also certain that many whose occupations are sedentary would

be wise to deny themselves, or to take it only in the most sparing quantities. But the problem of alcohol, like every other social problem, has large and far-reaching reactions. It is the common failing of social reformers that they are blind to reactions. Scarcely has a social reformer put down sixpence on his favourite fad than Nature puts down five shillings against him. Why has Nature such a spite against social reformers that she spends most of her time in thwarting them?

Sir Archdall Reid has explored the question of alcohol, both as a physician and as a sociologist. He takes the position that the craving for alcohol is not so much a vice as a disease. If we do not interfere with her, Nature herself will remove all who are liable to it. If we could enforce strict prohibition upon any community, in the course of a generation or two we should have an entire population who would be dangerously liable to alcoholic disease. They would take it as fatally as the South Sea Islanders, who, when fire-water is introduced, become its easy victims, and perish in multitudes. Sir Archdall Reid maintains that, by its beneficent action in sweeping away the unfit, alcoholic disease is a means of evolution.

So far as I know, Sir Archdall's arguments have not been refuted or even answered by the medical profession. Is the prohibition of alcohol likely to bring about the dangerous reaction he prognosticates? It seems advisable that the whole question should be studied from this point of view. Meantime, whatever may be the result of the inquiry, whatever evil reactions prohibition may inflict upon posterity, I shall continue to take my daily quantum of wine in grateful confidence that it has a present beneficial reaction upon myself.

With respect to alcoholic disease, as with other diseases, the chief thing is to get oneself born with an immunity to it. I took this precaution against alcohol, and thereby have been able to enjoy a bottle of wine a day for the last forty years, without ever getting drunk, without ever approaching drunkenness, without ever wishing to take more than was good for me. Such are the advantages of belonging to God's elect, as the apostle affectionately calls us.

That strict prohibition may have dangerous unforeseen

reactions upon the whole future community, is not an argument that will appeal to those who, from high moral principle, are resolved to make the world a cheerless and uninteresting abode for their neighbours. But as one born with a joyous capacity for taking a moderate, harmless quantity of wine, I strenuously protest against being degraded into equality with C_3 degenerates to whom alcohol is poison. Of all the devastating applications of the false and abominable doctrine of equality, this is one of the most intolerable. Why should a poor but healthy labouring man, whose rich brawny thews and vigorous stomach righteously demand a draught of refreshing ale, be condemned to meagre and gloomy equality with the rich valetudinarian, to whose queasy digestion a mere sip of alcohol is veritable poison? Away with this damnable doctrine of equality when it tells so hardly upon the working man!

We shall do well to remember the attractive description of Himself given by the Founder of Christianity: "The Son of Man came eating and drinking, and they say: Behold a man gluttonous, and a winebibber, a friend of publicans and sinners" (*Matthew, chap.* 11, *v.* 19; *Luke, chap.* 7, *v.* 34). Let us humbly endeavour to imitate Him, so that we may apply this description to ourselves. Especially at Christmas should we devote ourselves to the realisation of this example set before us.

I hope that I shall not be mistaken. Self-denial, self-control, the sovereign gift of being able to say "No" to oneself, are the most valuable qualities that a man can possess. Without them he drops into ignoble servitude to his passions and desires, and, losing command of himself, loses also command of the implements whereby he shapes his destiny.

Self-denial, self-control, the power of self-direction, are also the most valuable qualities that a nation can possess. It is by reason of the strong leaven of Puritanism in the English and American character that our countries have obtained the leadership of the world. But self-denial and abstinence are only valuable because they are the means to an end. They are only valuable and desirable qualities in so far as we make them our means to obtain the utmost satisfaction and enjoyment out of life, both in our work and

in our pleasures. It is the blind defective instinct of Puritanism that it makes self-denial an end in itself, and practises it with stupid persistence, until all pleasure becomes an unholy thing, until all virtue consists in forbidding to ourselves and to our neighbours everything that adds to the agreeableness of life.

For all this, it is well that men and nations should encourage themselves in constant self-denial. Looking upon our present general condition in England, with every class demanding more ease and luxury than it will practise self-denial to obtain, I would, if I had the power, remorselessly sentence my countrymen to ten years of the utmost rigours of Puritanism. I should then take the next boat to France.

But the worst excess of Puritanism is that it is not so much concerned that every man reform himself as that he should join a caucus to reform his neighbours. Now I find it such hard work to reform myself, that I have no time to give to the reformation of my neighbours. Indeed, I consider my moral reformation to be a work of such pressing necessity and importance, that I will allow no one to undertake it but myself. It is true that, up to the present, I have made rather a sad mess of it in many respects. But on the whole I have done the job better than any outsider could have done it for me.

I take pride in reflecting that in the matter of alcohol, I have carelessly adapted myself to one bottle of wholesome wine per diem. With regard to my neighbours who take more, or less, or none at all, I will allow them to reform themselves in either direction as they may think fit. In measuring the quantity of alcohol that may be necessary, or agreeable, or harmful to any one of us, let every individual apply to himself the thrice blessed doctrine of relativity. I find a certain relativity to my digestion and comfort in a bottle of wine a day. Other people must measure their own relativity. At Christmas, I propose slightly to augment my relativity, in honour of its Founder. I am one of those who, as Carlyle said of Socrates, are terribly at ease in Zion. "Do what thou wilt," is the sovereign rule of life for a healthy man—a most pernicious maxim for all except God's elect. Let none other of mankind dare to follow it to his sure damnation.

CHRISTMAS MEDITATIONS UPON ALCOHOL

I am distrustful of chemical analysis of drinks and diets. What chemist or dietarian counted the vitamins that danced in the grapes of those vineyards of the South a dozen years ago, and that, being providently preserved to dance in my glass on Christmas night, shall dance yet more merrily in my veins as I toast my friends on both sides of the Atlantic? What weigher of calories and proteids measured the liquid sunshine that was stored to dispense its quickening rays in my heart and make a very midsummer in this bleak, shivery, Northern midwinter gloom of the year?

Let us return to a sober consideration of the facts. Some of the ancients made it a rule that all serious matters should be twice debated, first by Philip sober and then by Philip drunk. Is it not the fault of the Prohibitionists that they refuse to consider this matter of alcohol from these alternate standpoints? How can they arrive at the true inwardness of alcohol from a merely outward view of it?

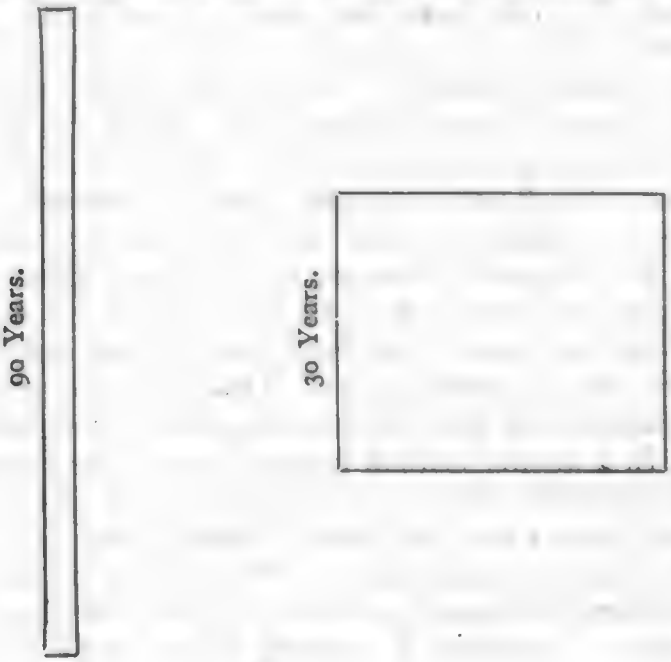
We may allow that beyond all doubt the habitual use of more than a very moderate quantity of alcohol shortens the life of the drinker. This is amply proved by statistics of the life insurance companies. But, as Archibald Spofforth clearly shows in his *Fallacies of Vital Statistics*, the mere length of a man's life gives a quite untrustworthy indication of the amount and quality of the life that he has spent. Spofforth sharply rates the Registrar-General for tabulating only the length of men's lives, and taking no measure of the breadth and quality of their lives. Spofforth contends that this omission makes our present tables of vital statistics illusory and valueless. In an eloquent passage, he demands that in future the Registrar-General should be compelled to keep an accurate record, not merely of the length of our lives, but also of their breadth and quality. Thus shall we get a cubic comprehension of life instead of a merely longitudinal one.

In a keenly critical comparison of the poets Burns and Wordsworth, Spofforth estimates that in his thirty-seven years Burns enjoyed three-eighths more life than Wordsworth in his eighty years. He also claims that the quality of Burns's life was, on the whole, rather higher than Wordsworth's. In this I cannot agree with him. Another

interesting comparison that Spofforth makes is between Mr. Rockefeller and Nell Gwynn. He has considerable difficulty at the outset in establishing an equation between the merits and utility of their respective occupations. But this surmounted, Spofforth conducts his inquiry in a masterly way. There are few pages in English literature of more absorbing interest, than those in which Spofforth traces the steps and means whereby, from the humblest beginnings, one of these eminent public characters became a multi-millionaire and the other the beloved and honoured foundress of a duchy. When, however, Spofforth sums up and computes the respective amounts and qualities of life enjoyed by each of them, he reaches such a staggering conclusion that I hesitate to give it currency.

Spofforth illustrates his theory by geometrical diagrams, which vividly place before the reader the relation between length and breadth of life. I reproduce the diagrams which he appends to his comparison of the life histories of a famous and rabid temperance lecturer, who spent his ninety years in diligently depriving himself and other people of every pleasure in life, and a bouncing chorus

Diagrams representing the surface dimensions of the lives of a selected temperance lecturer and a selected chorus girl respectively.



girl, who finished a crowded but by no means blameless career at the age of thirty. It will be seen that while the temperance lecturer had an extreme length of life, the chorus girl had an even more extreme breadth of life. In the end she had therefore possessed a greater quantity of life than the temperance lecturer.

In this instance Spofforth has allowed a reprehensible partiality for chorus girls to obscure his judgment of the main issue. He avoids all reference to the quality of the lives of the temperance lecturer and the chorus girl. In judging the plus or minus value to mankind of any life, we should first consider its quality and then measure its breadth. The mere length of a man's life is comparatively of little importance, except to himself. This insistence upon a mere longitude of years is what makes the Registrar-General's reports such uninteresting and unprofitable reading. They tell us nothing of the *quality* of the lives that we are living.

Now it is clear to anyone who judges human life by its quality rather than by its length or breadth, that neither the life of the temperance lecturer nor the life of the chorus girl was worth living at all. Yet these two lives represent the ideals of existence which a large proportion of the English and American peoples set before themselves. A great number of us are striving to achieve the bleak and arid narrowness of the temperance lecturer's unlovely length of years. A still greater number of us, so far as we consciously direct our lives, pursue the more despicable ideal of "Having a good time," and cram our days with unsanctified pleasures and soul-destroying frivolities.

We escape from the prison house of Puritanism and hurry to riot with the ribaudred rabble of Comus. Let us pray this Christmas to be delivered from both these horrible ways of wasting our lives. Let us equally shun the ideals of the temperance lecturer and the chorus girl. Let us pray for a finer quality of national life. But if we must needs doom ourselves to one or the other of these disastrous extremes, let us plump for Puritanism. What better motto could we take for the New Year than the noble line of the noblest Puritan:

> Nor love thy life, nor hate, but what thou liv'st live well.

I will quote it to myself as I drink my bottle of wine at Christmas, and will claim that I am obeying the latter part of its high injunction.

Americans may be entreated to reconsider this question of wine drinking in its relation to literature. Butler, of *Erewhon*, says: "No one can hate drunkenness more than I do, but I am confident the human intellect owes its superiority over that of the lower animals in great measure to the stimulus alcohol has given to the human imagination." Wine is the nurse of all great creative imaginative literature. Shakespeare, Dickens, Rabelais, Fielding, Goethe, all the great creative writers, catch a magic fire from liquor, and by its quickening influence warm and comfort all mankind in their bosoms. Let Prohibitionists notice that these great creative writers are also the sanest, surest, most finely balanced, most universal, intellects. Not by infinite enlargement of possibility could they have been abstainers. They shudder at ice-water.

There are great names in American literature. I mention Mark Twain, and toast him in memory of the excellent champagne I have drunk at his table. But has not American literature something of an ice-water character and flavour? Does it not smack too much of the national beverage? With the object of nourishing a few Shakespeares and Dickenses, might not a free pass to the best vintages be granted to all practising and potential American authors? In no other way shall we discover how many mute inglorious American Shakespeares are now tongue-tied by lemonade and temperance drinks.

Let me be careful to say nothing that shall impair the almost unbroken respect which Americans pay to the Prohibition Enactment. But may not their literature suffer from their too scrupulous observance of the law? I cannot but think that many American authors would be willing to sacrifice themselves in an effort to enrich their literature with imaginative masterpieces by the means I have suggested. If, however, they cannot be released from the cold fetters of Prohibition upon their own soil, I may point out to my American *confrères* that England will gladly offer them a home, where their natural gifts

may have a free course to develop themselves. Might not English indebtedness to America be paid off in this way? One Shakespeare or one Dickens would clear off all our debt.

Meantime, as I snuggle down to my bottle of wine on Christmas Day, I will throw kindly thoughts across the Atlantic to the millions of Americans who have condemned themselves to ice-water. But, even in the glow of Christmas charity, I fear the opening lines of the Second Book of Lucretius will intrude:—

It is sweet, when on the great sea the winds trouble its waters, to behold from land another's deep distress.

[P.S.—Some passages in the above paper should be read only by God's elect.]

Public School Boys in Industry

By Gerard Fiennes

In the address with which he delighted the schoolgirls of Wallasey last spring, Sir James Barrie spoke of the "something" which the Public School boy sucks into himself from his surroundings, and professed his inability to discover what that "something" is. I think Sir James knows perfectly well, though it pleased him to poke a little good-humoured fun at one of those cherished ideals which an Englishman prefers to keep as jealously guarded as is the mummy of Tut-ankh-Amen. I shall not attempt to define the "something." My purpose is to discuss how it may be used to the national advantage, as it was used in the creation of the new armies, and as it has been used for generations in every capacity where public service rather than private gain is the motive force.

The opportunities for Public School men to make the best use of the qualities which their training gives have been considerably narrowed since the war, while, at the same time, the demand for Public School education has grown by leaps and bounds. Every school has its waiting list crowded for years ahead; many of the smaller ones have increased their numbers to the limit of efficiency, and new establishments taking Public School rank have been opened at Stowe and Canford Manor. It might be added that a number of the older establishments, hitherto content to be classed as Grammar Schools or Secondary Schools, are adopting the more popular designation. How far this signifies more than a change of name, it is very difficult to say; but it seems probable, from the type of headmasters sought for these schools, that it denotes a real effort to diffuse among them that "something" which, for want of a more precise term, we call "the Public School spirit."

The twenty best-known Public Schools probably turn out between them some two thousand boys a year. Of

these perhaps a half go to Oxford, Cambridge, Woolwich, or Sandhurst, or finish their education abroad. The majority of the rest go into "business" immediately—the term connoting entry into a solicitor's office, a bank, insurance office, accountancy, mercantile houses, the Stock Exchange. Or it may be that there is a place found in a family manufacturing concern. Those who go to the Universities become clergymen, doctors, barristers, civil servants at home and abroad, schoolmasters, journalists, and so on. The classification is rough and ready; but sufficiently accurate for its purpose.

Only a few of these callings give opportunity for the exercise of those qualities which a Public School training should give, if it is worth anything at all—ability to lead, and to win confidence; readiness to take responsibility; corporate spirit which sees the whole as greater than the part; sodality which makes good a comrade's shortcomings instead of using them for self-advantage; tolerance and self-control. The Public School man is not a good money-maker, taking him all round; that is why he is sneered at by a certain type of "business man," and—which is a more serious matter—that is why, when he goes into "business," his heart is not in his work.

Fortunately, despite Napoleon's sneer, we are a nation of producers, rather than a nation of shopkeepers. Buying and selling, the mystic lore of finance, are important and necessary handmaids of industry, and many there be who seek them and the rather Ishmaelitish rewards attached to them. But the bulk of the nation, including the whole body of what are called the "working classes," lives by agriculture, by manufactures, by mining, by transport. Except in the various branches of engineering, however, you shall not find many Public School men engaged in these callings. When they take their place in a family business it is usually on the commercial side. That is, they are concerned with money, not with men. But it is just in the relation with men that the training of a Public School man should prove most valuable. It seems, therefore, reasonable to believe that many of the acerbities which hamper the industrial life of the nation, lessen production, and embarrass our manufacturers in their struggle for the markets of the world, might be

softened if more men of the Public School stamp could be employed in positions where they would come into intimate touch with the workers, interpret their mind to the management on the one hand, and explain to them, on the other, the questions the management have to solve, while, generally, receiving from the privates of the army of peace the same trust and confidence that men of their kind have ever won from the privates of the army of war. I think no one will deny that the chief need of industry to-day is what one may call good regimental officers. Too often there is no one between the staff and the sergeants. Workshop management is entrusted to men who lack training in leadership. Thus the spirit of solidarity is lacking. There is no corporate sense of pride in the business.

The idea that a Public School training can be of value in producing the class of men who will aid in allaying the friction between Capital and Labour is new to the majority of employers; the idea that openings for a career in productive industry may be found for Public School boys is equally new to the parents of such boys and to the boys themselves. A great deal of spadework will be needed before any of them become familiar with the thought, and a well-advised and quite definite plan must be worked out. With this end in view, it was proposed nearly a year ago that a Committee should be formed to look into the matter, and to devise means by which leading industrialists may be brought into touch with the schools. The Committee is to consist of representatives of employers, of the Trade Union Congress, and headmasters.* The subject was discussed at the meeting of the Headmasters' Conference held at Winchester College on December 21st, 1923, when Sir Arthur Duckham gave an exceedingly interesting address. As he has made a practice of employing Public School men for some years past, he is able to speak from experience, and is keenly interested in the project.

* Owing to a combination of unfortunate circumstances, the formation of this Committee has been, up to the present, in abeyance. The Headmasters' Conference and the General Council of the Trades Union Congress, however, have appointed representatives to it, and it is hoped now to proceed with the matter.

In the course of his speech Sir Arthur said :—

"The need of industry to-day—and here I am talking of such undertakings as the great coal industry, the steel industry, the textile industry, the soap and chemical industries, and so on—and of the men who control these industries, is for suitable men to come forward in the works who are capable of taking a lead. That is what we want. We are always looking for the man who is to come forward and take our place and make our work easier—to control the works, and to control men, and to carry on. It is the greatest difficulty one has, to obtain this class of man who will carry a job through. I would assure you that the openings in industry to-day are greater and the reward higher than ever before, and that there is a great lack of really sound, fine men as leaders. We in this country are suffering from inefficiency in many branches of our industry. We suffer through troubles with the workmen, and I am perfectly sure that a Public School training is the ideal beginning for the men who are going to keep the country prosperous."

It is not, of course, for a moment implied that our great industrialists require men of Public School training to teach them how to run their business. Many of them have had that training themselves. But, of necessity, much of their time is occupied in financial and commercial cares. The managing director of one of the largest engineering works in the country, himself a Public School man, has told me that the greater part of his time and energy is absorbed in making the financial arrangements necessary to the undertaking of big contracts, running into millions of pounds. Works management is, therefore, necessarily left to others, and, as Sir Arthur Duckham says, the supply of men with the required qualifications is small. That is not a matter for surprise, for a first-hand knowledge of works conditions is requisite, and but few men have had such a training and also a thorough general education. One of the points to which Sir Arthur drew attention in his speech will serve as an illustration of the need of such an education :—

"The second thing we want in industry," he says, "is that whoever comes to us should be able to express himself. One of the most disastrous things about these young

fellows coming from public elementary schools is that, if you ask them to write you a report, or give an expression of opinion on a piece of work they are going to do, they fail; it is essential that they should be able to do these things. I think it is essential that a classical education should be the foundation of an industrial career. It is possibly the most important thing for a young fellow to be able to express himself if he is going to come through."

One ought, perhaps, here to define, in general terms at any rate, what is meant by a Public School and a Public School training. I ventured, at the Conference in question, to describe a Public School as one "in which boys between the ages of thirteen and nineteen live a corporate life and have the organisation of that life and the maintenance of discipline, outside school hours, left in their hands with the minimum of interference from the masters." A great deal could, of course, be added to this; but I think it embraces the essentials from which spring the qualities which it is believed will be of benefit to industry if they can be grafted thereon. This leads up to a consideration which was forcibly argued by the headmasters who took part in the discussion. If the benefits which are hoped for are to be derived from opening the doors of productive industry to men with a Public School training, they must be left to finish out their school life. It is the year passed as præfect, præpostor, or monitor which confers the power of leadership and the readiness to take responsibility. To remove a boy at sixteen or seventeen in order that he may attain technical proficiency would be to stultify the whole scheme. It follows that it is not the "thicks" which are sought to take their place in the industry of the country, but the boys of character and force and proficiency in work and games. The others may go to the office stools. There will be a life rich in interest and opportunity open to the captain of the eleven or fifteen, or senior præfect who will submit himself to a few years of manual toil in order that he may win, as in most cases he will win, for himself a position as the trusted leader of men whom he will come to recognise as the best fellows on earth.

Probably the exact position which men of this type are best fitted to fill does not exist in industry at present. It will be made for them when they have proved their worth

—as they will prove it, if they are given the chance. Inevitably the workers must have a greater voice in the management of industry than it has been thought possible to give them up to the present. Of all the aspirations which the stirring of new ideas since the war has put into the minds of the wage-earners, this is at once the most insistent and the most difficult to satisfy. It is here that the new employee will prove himself of the greatest value. Having no direct interest in profits; capable, by his education, of grasping the intricacies of management and of explaining them to the workers; able to speak the mind of the inarticulate workmen to the management; organising not only workshop life, but also recreation and educational schemes; bringing imagination and ideas to his task—such a man may well be worth almost any reward he cares to ask. He will be the real *persona* in a community which, in these days of joint-stock companies, too often suffers from a lack of personal contact between its complementary parts. He will be, in a very real sense, a welfare worker, though he will not be known by that too self-conscious title.

There is another side to the question—and a most important one—which must now be discussed. If it be conceded that a Public School training may prove invaluable to those who are to occupy responsible positions in productive industry, it is evident that the range of those to whom the opportunity to receive the training is given must be widely extended. If the only result of opening the mines and factories to Public School boys were that the sons of professional men and the like were brought in to fill the positions to which young workmen may now aspire and close to them the all-too-narrow door of promotion, class antagonism would be embittered rather than healed, and our last state would be worse than the first. In point of fact, when the suggestion was first made it drew forth an emphatic protest from trade unionists, who saw in it, quite naturally, though mistakenly, an attempt on the part of the employing class to "keep the workers in their place." Fortunately that prejudice vanished when the purpose which the promoters of this movement have in view was more fully explained, and it has now the advantage of active support from the Trades Union Congress. It is, in truth, in no sense a "class" movement.

The training the boy receives, not the class from which he springs, is the only consideration of importance. Hence it follows that, if a Public School training is to be considered the stepping-stone to important positions in industry, the chance of receiving that training must be thrown open to boys of the working-class. Conversely, if the sons of professional men who have a bent for industrial life are to be welcomed in industry, the sons of workmen who have a bent for arts and sciences or for the public services must be welcomed into the professions. If these two objects can be successfully accomplished, a great and far-reaching change in our national life will gradually be effected and the lamentable waste of aptitude, which must inevitably occur when there is a great educational gulf fixed between one part of the nation and the other, will be lessened, if not eliminated.

It is evident from the discussion which took place at Winchester that this side of the question was uppermost in the minds of the headmasters. It should be uppermost, also, in the minds of industrialists and all lovers of the Public Schools who are far-sighted enough to project their thoughts beyond the next ten years or so.

We pay lip-service to education; we talk continually of educational "ladders"; successive Ministers of Education, when they happen to be possessed of ideas, screw out from Parliament additional moneys for Secondary Schools, Continuation Schools, and what-not, only to find the child of their pains selected as the first victim of the puissant Philistine to whose hands is entrusted the axe of "economy." And our Public Schools—the institutions which we claim with pride as being the special possession of this nation—are left the close preserves of those who can—or, often, cannot—afford to pay £150 to £300 a year for the education of their sons. This is a state of affairs which will not be allowed to continue. A generation ago it was, perhaps, true that the working-class Englishman set little store by education. It has ceased to be true; and the more the virtues of a Public School training are extolled, the more insistent will be the demand of those who speak in the name of the workers that the door shall be opened to them. The choice before those who control the Public Schools is between throwing that door as widely

open as possible with a gesture of welcome, or having it forced open by State action, involving State control and the loss of that "something" which perplexes Sir James Barrie, and which is not to be found in *Lycée* or *Real-Schule*.

It requires but little reflection to see the difficulties to be encountered in the effort to enlarge the sphere of service of the Public Schools. The financial difficulty is, perhaps, the least. Apart from such funds as might be provided by the State and Local Education authorities, if employers of Labour on the one hand and Labour itself on the other were convinced that advantage accrued to industry from a Public School training, there is little doubt that funds would be forthcoming voluntarily to enable likely boys to receive that training. The most formidable difficulties are of a different kind. The speakers at the Headmasters' Conference laid special stress on one of these:—How is the boy who has received his early education in the Public Elementary School to bridge the gap which separates, say, the teaching he receives in the seventh standard from that which is necessary to fit him to enter a Public School at 13½ or 14 years of age? Such a boy's capacity to profit by a Public School education ought to be recognised when he is nine or ten. There are, of course, the Secondary Schools; but these, providing education up to sixteen or thereabouts, will naturally be reluctant to part with their most promising boys at an earlier age. Apart from special provision which may be made for these boys, the chance of their obtaining one of the scholarships which ought to be open to them—those endowed by William of Wykeham and other pious founders especially for "*indigentes*"—is practically destroyed by the Whig obsession with competitive examinations, which has necessitated an expensive "t'other school" preparation (if I may use the Wykehamical term) before a boy has a reasonable chance of success. This kind of education is open to the offspring of a relatively poor man who is prepared to "put his shirt on" his boy's chance; but it is barred altogether to the son of a weekly wage-earner.

Difficulties, however, exist to be overcome. Headmasters, Industrialists, and Trade Unionists, working in harmony and with a sincere desire to succeed, will find a

practicable scheme. The game is worth the expenditure of a good deal of candle. We are only just beginning to realise how deeply our unhappy divisions have cut, and I doubt whether many of us do realise how deeply they are felt by the young workman of to-day. Public-spirited men and women have been working for years to put into his mind good desires; naturally, he asks to be given the chance to bring the same to good effect. If the Public Schools and the Universities have gifts to bestow of breadth and freedom of mind, of character and of refinement, it is surely the bounden duty and service of those in whose hands lies the bestowal of these gifts to see that they are offered as widely as possible to all those who can profit by them. It is, surely, gain and not loss if the materialism of the years preceding the War has given place to a better appreciation of the abiding values of life among the younger people of all classes. That this is the case, I am persuaded. Many people look with apprehension on the " Socialistic " spirit which they discern, not only among the workers, but also among the boys and young men at the Public Schools and Universities. If they look a little deeper, they will not fear. What, after all, is it that the workers are asking? " That they may have life, and that they may have it more abundantly." Surely, there is high warrant for that prayer, and those who have received or are gaining that more abundant life through advantages given them by birth and wealth would have made an ill use of these advantages if they did not sympathise with the aspiration.

The implication of this movement for widening the opportunities of Public School men in industry—and, at the same time, widening the opportunities of receiving a Public School training—extend far beyond the immediate purpose. While it would be unwise to sketch out anything in the shape of a detailed scheme at present—for there can be no detailed scheme until Industrialists have threshed the matter out—it is at least probable that a year or so of apprenticeship in the selected industry will be followed by a University course in which technical training will have a part. If so, we may expect that the newer Universities will obtain their share of men from the Public Schools who contemplate an industrial career. The cor-

porate life of these institutions will thereby be strengthened and their intercourse with the older Universities increased. Oxford University may play a three-day match with Birmingham University on the Edgbaston ground and Cambridge with Sheffield at Bramhall Lane; while a Nottingham eight may be seen at Henley. If these things and others like them should come to pass, a new comradeship will have sprung up among the youth of Britain, and, whatever may be the evolution of our social and industrial life in the future, there will be no violent upheaval, no savage outbreak of class-hatred.

One of the causes of our present troubles is, I think, that the War has left a gap in the succession of those who should lead politically, socially and industrially. Much of that which was most vital among the men who should now be looking to take the helm lies in the cemeteries of Flanders and Gallipoli. Many of those who have survived in health and vigour are ten years behind the place which, at their age, they should be filling in the organisation of the life of peace. Men who were fifty and over when the War began are carrying on, and will have to carry on for some years longer. Can these still look on the world with young eyes and young hearts? All depends on that. If they cannot, they will attempt to go back to the ways and ideas of an old, dead world. If they can, they will sympathise with the new ideas and try to help the young men to the realisation of their visions.

"Gentlemen of the (old) Guard, Fire first!"

Village Wireless

By Rowland Burgess

". . . make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out . . ."

Twelfth Night; Act I., Scene V.

THE somnolent village of Mead-in-the-vale—shortened to "Medivel" in local parlance—lies hidden from the world among the enfolding hills of Exmoor. The village consists merely of a cluster of thatched cottages gleaming white in their ample gardens, a shop wherein is needed the united efforts of three generations to find any article required, a smithy by the stream, and the "Stag and Hounds," an old-world house of generous entertainment. For a thousand years it has been the same.

Forty years ago there was a flicker of excitement when the railway came. The local station is but ten miles away—seven if one rides across the moor—quite near enough to disturb the placid life of the village.

Then came the war, carrying off for a time all the young men. Those who returned were well content to settle back into their homes and to take up again the dropped threads of life; to forget the troubled years, or, rather, to remember them only as a nightmare of blood and fire.

Too many, alas! did not come back; their names are enshrined in the grey-towered Norman church on the hill-side, that stands sentinel over the village.

Times are changing, even in Mead-in-the-vale. Motor cars now brave the moorland roads, bringing strange visitors to the "Stag," who fish the river with expensive rods, and hunt the stag on hired mounts. One of them, enamoured of the place, has settled there. His house, electrically lighted, has above it an erection of poles and wire, which at first was a source of mild puzzlement to the fathers of the village.

"I doen't hold wi' no zuch wizardry in these parts,"

declared Farmer Stubbles, in the bar of the "Stag," discussing a forthcoming "listening-in" seance, arranged to take place in the village hall: "'Tez openin' the dure to the Devil, zure-ly! When I were a lad, a man who meddled wi' zuch rack-me-dazzlums——"

"You'm all out o' date, Varmer. Theer baint no wizardry these days," scornfully interposed Sam Garner, a youth who, by virtue of his appointment of handyman to the reputed wizard, poses as an authority on broadcasting.

"That zo? You'm crawing loud, me young cockrell. What is't else?"

"'Tez done wi' 'lectricity, an' ayther waves."

Farmer Stubbles laughed boisterously. Sam was a smart lad, but he had surely been caught napping this time.

"You'm like to lose yer leg one o' these fine days, me lad! Ayther's doctors' stuff, 'at zends ye to zleep!"

"Naw! 'At be clorryform."

So much erudition in one so young puzzled the slow-moving wits of the farmer.

"Well, let's hev the rights of it, young Zoloman-in-all-his-glory. What be this ayther o' your'n, then?"

Sam tilted his hat, and scratched his head. He was getting into deep water, and his brains needed stimulating.

"'Tez—'tez a sart o' sperrett, in a manner o' speakin'——"

He racked his brains for some scrap of scientific lore:

"'Tez a—a—Conty-newous Meejum!" he finished triumphantly.

Farmer Stubbles vigorously stimulated his own brain, but it failed to respond.

"Zo that's it," he said at last, doubtfully; "an' how do the—the—what you zed—work?"

Sam's scientific knowledge was exhausted, but his inventive faculty was not. He evolved a new and somewhat startling theory to fit the facts.

"Waal, 'lectricity 'tracts ayther, zeeminly. 'Er cooms dru the air so quick es a flash, an' cuts a hoal 'at lets zound dru."

"Terr'bul clever, that be! Meaks a hoal dru moor an' rock, if zo be they cooms in the weay?"

A theory is tenable only so long as it is not contra-

dicted by facts. Sam was puzzled for a moment, then inspiration came to him.

"Did'n I tell 'e as 'er cooms i' waves? I rakon 'er waves round the carners—zummat like speakin' tube down along, to doctor's house."

Farmer Stubbles was silenced, but not satisfied. The whole business was too nearly allied to black magic for his liking.

For the space of two mugs of cyder he ruminated; then he delivered his ultimatum.

"Well, young fellow-me-lad, wizard or no, yeau tell yer master not to come nigh my fowl-yard; I doen't want my hens to go egg-bound, an' start crawing!"

* * * * * *

The village hall, a small, ill-ventilated, whitewashed building that had once been a chapel of sorts, was crowded to suffocation. It was raining, of course—Exmoor is the place where the rain is made for the rest of England when the west wind blows—and a glowing stove helped to bring out the full flavour of dripping macintoshes and damp garments.

Upon a table at the far end stood a curved trumpet with black, gaping mouth turned to the audience, connected by wires with a mystic apparatus, all switches, discs, and handles, crowned with a row of dimly gleaming lights.

The audience was in a twitter of excitement. Never had the like been seen in the village before; indeed, to the more nervous among them, it seemed that such things were scarcely lawful, yet the presence of the Vicar on the front bench somewhat reassured them. He, good man, glancing at his watch, and finding that there were still a few minutes to spare, rose to address them.

"I am sure, my dear friends, that we are all very grateful to the gentleman who has placed before us to-night his marvellous instruments, which will enable us presently to hear, if I may venture to use the expression, the 'Music of the Spheres.' Yet, wonderful as are the achievements of modern science, they should not render us unmindful of the fact that it is——"

"CARDIFF CALLING," boomed a great voice from Gabriel's horn.

The Vicar's watch was slow.

"News Bulletin," continued the voice: "Market Reports. Foreign exchanges weak. German marks, 45 milliards. French francs 86. Sterling in New York——" And so on—vitally interesting to a rustic audience.

Presently the voice of the Clerk of the Weather was heard, spilling rain over the whole of the land from "a trough of low pressure extending from Iceland to Madeira." No half measures for him!

This naturally cheered up the farmers, whose harvest was not all gathered in.

"Hello, everybody!" a cheery voice rang out loud and clear after a minute's gloomy silence: "I want to talk to you for a few minutes about simultaneous broadcasting. I'm speaking from London. Hope you can hear me all right?"

"We hears ye, Zur!" someone shouted from the back of the hall, amid laughter, which for a few moments drowned the London voice.

"——perfectly successful in 95 per cent. of cases," the trumpet was remarking, in a chatty, confidential tone, when it again became audible: "but there is a certain amount of variability in the remaining 5 per cent. Now, this small amount of variability may be accounted for in many ways——"

Here followed a technical lecture on variability: its cause and cure. Children, it appeared from the speaker's remarks, have a distressing propensity for regarding china insulators as suitable targets for stones. It would seem that a birch rod, well and truly laid on to that portion of the child's anatomy appointed by Nature for the purpose, might serve as a prophylactic against a recurrence of the trouble.

As a demonstration of broadcasting, the lecture was intensely interesting. The speaker might have been standing at the table, instead of quietly talking to us through 200 miles of wind and rain. It was quite easy to visualise him there, debonair and smiling, rounding his periods and driving home his arguments. Apart from its scientific value, considered merely as a village entertainment, it was less thrilling.

The illusion of an invisible bodily presence was so

strong that at the close of the lecture an old man, bent with the weight of years, rose slowly to his feet and remarked:

"I can't zay ez I 'zacly unnerstans what you been tellin', Zur, but I'd be turr'bul 'bliged to 'e if 'e could tell I how to charm warts. I be that troubled——"

A pluck at his coat tail brought him to his seat, amazed and bewildered. He had been in the "Stag" during Farmer Stubble's denunciation of wizardry, and in his foggy brain there seemed to be some connection between the trumpet on the table and the speaking tube at the doctor's door as a means of communication with the unseen.

After ten intensely dull minutes of "highbrow" musical criticism from London, suffered in silence by the audience, things began to liven up.

"CARDIFF CALLING. Miss" mumble mumble "will now read" szzzzzz click "entitled" whooop grrrr ssssh click weeeeeeoo weeeeeeoo weeeeeeoo weeeeeeoo —weird sounds were issuing from the trumpet—perhaps the "Music of the Spheres"!

The perspiring operator cautiously twisted discs and moved levers, and the wailing gave place to a faint and far-away brogue declaiming Irish poetry. As it grew stronger another ghostly voice joined in spasmodically, with fragments from *Macbeth*. London and Cardiff were striving for the mastery of the air. It sounded rather like a dog-fight.

Then the contending voices died away, and nothing came through but a soft and dismal whistling howl, like the crying of a Banshee in the night.

Hastily switching off, the operator produced a gramophone that he had thoughtfully provided as a stand by, and amid rapturous applause, put on *The Pirates of Penzance* while he sought for the cause of the trouble. This was soon found, outside the hall; some mischievous children had tangled up the wires that led from the house.

Connections were re-established in time for the star turn of the evening—dance music, playing in the foyer of the Savoy Hotel.

Music, perfect of its kind, such as few of those present had ever heard before, came crashing into the stuffy little hall. It was as different from the harsh mechanical record of a gramophone as a perfectly staged play, with its wealth

of life and colour, is from the flickering monochrome of the cinema.

Not only the music, but the very atmosphere of the ball-room seemed to be flashed through the stormy night. The rhythmic whisper of flying feet, voices and laughter, the clapping of hands as the music softened and died away, the subdued tuning-up of the strings, all were clearly heard.

Close one's eyes, and instead of whitewash and cobwebs, one saw, in the magic crystal of fancy, the clustered lights, the gleaming floor, diaphanous dresses, and laughing, animated faces reflected to infinity in mirrored walls.

With scarcely a pause between the dances came the music beloved of youth; a riot of exotic symphonies that stir the blood like wine.

The audience rustled and swayed, as though a great wind were sweeping through the hall. No power on earth could keep their feet from beating out the time.

Then came a change. After a rather longer interval, out of the silence rose faintly the haunting melody of *The Merry Widow* waltz, slowly swelling out in languorous rhythm, rising and falling, and fading into throbbing undertones, bringing to some of us memories that gripped the heart; memories of the days when dancing was not all fox-trot and—— Well, well! Youth must be served.

When the last notes had thrilled into silence, one at least of the audience felt that he wished to hear no more. The "babbling gossip of the air," which was to follow, could but come as an anti-climax.

* * * * * *

Outside in the rain, farmers were saddling up for their long rides to lonely homesteads on the moor; candle lanterns were twinkling on the dark road, as cottagers splashed their way home on foot.

"Lived arl me deayz to Medivel," a voice quavered in the night. "Zeventy-nine year coom Christmas, an' never en arl me born deayz—plain ez plain I heered un—tez the end o' the warld a-comen. Arl me deayz, man an boy, to Medivel, an' they tells I 'er be taalken en Lunnon. Plain ez plain. Lived arl me deayz, man an boy, to——"

The New Science of Nutrition

By J. Ellis Barker

(Author of "Cancer: How it is Caused, How it can be Prevented.")

In practically all the text-books we are told that food consists of protein, carbohydrates, fat, combined with trifling quantities of minerals, and that protein is particularly important for body-building purposes. The modern science of nutrition was evolved by Liebig and Moleschott, who taught that flesh makes flesh, blood makes blood, and who pointed out that those animals and those nations which live largely on meat were strong and energetic, while a non-animal diet created a watery, flabby flesh in man and beasts. They spoke with contempt of the food value of potatoes and other vegetables. In their chemical analysis they dwelt on the importance of protein, carbohydrates and fat, and referred to the numerous minerals contained in food as if it were a worthless residue, lumping them together under the heading "Ash."

The German chemists have done untold mischief. The chemists everywhere, the medical men throughout the world, the writers of cookery books and the cooks, have uncritically repeated the pronouncements of the men of the Liebig school. The consumption of protein-rich foodstuffs, especially the consumption of meat, has been quadrupled, and the mineral contents of food have been discarded by food manufacturers and others. Thus the world has become protein-poisoned and vitamin-starved. Since the time of Liebig the ravages of cancer, arteriosclerosis, and other modern diseases due to faulty nutrition have increased enormously, and the teeth and the alimentary tract of nations have deteriorated to an incredible extent. In Liebig's time appendicitis was almost unknown. Now it is universal among civilised men.

Although some of the modern food chemists have pointed out for a decade or so the supreme importance of certain mysterious substances, called vitamins, contained in the food, and have dwelt on the value of the various minerals contained in our foodstuffs, the generality of

text-books, even the most modern ones, continue talking nonsense in scientific terms. Scientific feeding has been the undoing of civilised humanity. The pseudo-scientific recommendations of the text-books, and the laboratory experiments made with foodstuffs, are absolutely worthless. The chemistry of the body is a mystery, and will probably always remain a mystery. An experiment *in vitro* proves nothing. A great many food chemists do not realise that we have no test-tubes in our insides, and that there is no chemical laboratory comparable with that which Providence has put into men, animals, and plants.

The greatest food scientist and food reformer living is probably Dr. M. Hindhede, a Dane, who has conclusively shown the utter worthlessness of the teachings of the Liebig school. There is a vested interest in science as there is in other things. For many years Dr. Hindhede has been treated with contempt by the orthodox food chemists. However, his discoveries are bound to revolutionise the science of nutrition.

Before describing the experiments and discoveries of Dr. Hindhede, whose achievements have been despised for a long time because he refuses to be a slave to the microscope, to the test-tube, and to the Liebig tradition, I would like to show how the Danish scientist discovered that the modern food science is fool science, is nescience.

Hindhede is the son of a peasant. He was brought up on the plainest food, on a diet exceedingly poor in protein, consisting mainly of coarse wholemeal rye bread, barley porridge, potatoes, greenstuff, and milk. Meat was consumed only rarely and in very small quantities. According to the Liebig school such a diet was unfavourable to the development of physical strength, although the finest races of mankind, among them the Highland Scotch and the Irish peasantry, were raised on an almost meatless diet composed principally of cereals, potatoes, vegetables, and buttermilk, which means milk from which the fat has been skimmed. Young Hindhede wished to enter a learned career. He went to the University, and, desirous of strengthening his body, began to consume a great deal of meat. He discovered that increase in meat consumption, far from strengthening him, weakened him. He began to suspect that the Liebig theory was all wrong. He abandoned high protein feeding, and instead of relying on test-

tube experiments, which prove nothing, began to experiment on his own body and, later on, on the bodies of his wife, his children, and others, in order to find out whether low protein feeding was harmful or harmless. He turned his back on the laboratory, relying rather on experience than on scientific instruments and processes, which are only too often misleading.

With a vast amount of laboratory learning Voit and other German professors have established the fuel value—a nonsensical name and a nonsensical idea—for all foodstuffs, and with the vanity of ignorance they have laid down laws of nutrition for our guidance. According to the German food professors, whose absurdity has been uncritically endorsed throughout the world, the average man requires so many calories per day, and he should consume about 120 grammes of pure protein. Dr. Hindhede has for thirty years lived on an average of about 20 grammes of pure protein per day, and he has been practically a vegetarian. His wife and children and many of his friends, and the men on whom he has experimented, have also lived on about 20 grammes of pure protein per day, one-sixth the normal established by the unscientific science of modern nutrition. The Hindhedes, their friends, and the men with whom Dr. Hindhede has experimented, should be weeds. However, Dr. Hindhede, although advanced in years, is physically an athlete. His children are unusually strong and healthy, and the men with whom he has experimented have done the hardest physical work and have flourished greatly on a meatless diet excessively poor in protein—which, according to the German food chemists, should have ruined their constitutions.

While the vast majority of modern food scientists continue to tell us of the supreme importance of protein, carbohydrates, and fat in food, referring only casually to minerals and to vitamins (which are contemptuously described as " accessory " food factors), Hindhede in his book, *Modern Nutrition*, which has unfortunately not been translated into English, wisely contemplates the scientific composition of foodstuffs according to their value in the following order :—

1. Unknown food elements.
2. Mineral elements.
3. Carbohydrates.
4. Fat.
5. Protein.

It will be noticed that the supposedly all-important protein is treated as the least important and is put last, while the unknown food elements, among which are those mysterious substances called vitamins, are placed first. In justifying the reversed order, Dr. Hindhede points out that the minerals and salts contained in the food are actually more necessary than the food itself, for experiments have shown that animals which are fed on food devoid of minerals and salts die more rapidly than animals which receive no food at all. After mentioning this most important point, Dr. Hindhede rightly points out the disastrous fact that the white bread consumed by the more advanced nations is made of flour which is " scientifically " deprived of three-quarters of its minerals, in accordance with the teaching of the Liebig school; that civilised nations live principally on de-mineralised and de-vitaminised white bread, meat and sugar; and that the lack of lime in these scientifically impoverished foodstuffs suffices to explain the rottenness of the teeth in the scientifically-fed nations.

Dr. Hindhede, his family and the men with whom he has experimented, live on the plainest and simplest food. For a great many years the Professor has lived on an average expenditure of 3d. per day, but now, with the rise in prices, he is spending 7d. per day on his nutrition. He lives chiefly as follows:—Breakfast, barley porridge with a pinch of sugar and skimmed milk, costing before the war ½d.; mid-day dinner, vegetable soup, potatoes, pancake, stewed fruit, costing 1½d.; evening meal, whole-meal bread, potato salad, and a little margarine, costing 1d. Describing his experiments, Dr. Hindhede stated in his article " Protein and Pellagra," published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* on June 9th, 1923:—

> While others experiment with rats, rabbits, and pigs, I experiment with men. I insist upon a supply of the best experimental subjects in the world. My assistant, Frederik Madsen, lived (1) for one year on potatoes and margarine; (2) for six months on whole rye bread, margarine, prunes, sugar, and starch; (3) for six months on barley-meal porridge made with water, margarine, and sugar; and (4) for two years on bread, potatoes, cabbage soup, and fruit soup without fat. The object was to find the protein minimum and the fat minimum. Madsen was not the only test subject. I have always had at least two on the same experiment, and the results were always exactly the same.
>
> By experiment (1) we found that the protein minimum for a grown-up strong man is about 20 grammes of digestible potato protein. The test

subjects found that this diet agreed very well with them. But a condition is that the water in which the potatoes are boiled, and which contains important substances (salts and vitamins), be ingested as well.

By experiment (2) we found that the protein minimum by bread diet is about 20 grammes. In other words, protein in potatoes, bread, meat, and milk has the same biologic value.

By experiment (3) we found that barley groats form an excellent article of food which, unlike polished rice and sieved oatmeal, contains sufficient vitamins. This agrees with several practical experiences. In the old days in Denmark barley-meal porridge was eaten two or three times a day in the country.

By experiment (4) we found that fat is not necessary. Vegetables can replace it.

In accordance with the pontifical pronouncements of learned but ignorant food chemists, we are discarding the husks of the grain and feeding them to pigs and cattle. We have so often been told that bran has no food value, that that idea has soaked even into the most ignorant, who refuse to eat any but the whitest bread. Hindhede, instead of relying on laboratory tests, which are only too often elusive, experimented with bran on himself and other human beings. He stated in the article mentioned:—

Bran contains not only the vitamins which the endo-sperm lacks, but also protein substances that supplement the deficiencies in the proteins of the endo-sperm. Bran can replace meat and milk. In other words, it is one of our most valuable articles of nourishment. It has certainly been believed that bran is indigestible for man, but our thorough experiments have—to our own surprise—shown us that man, as well as the domestic animals, can digest bran. The correctness of these results has been confirmed by Johansson in Stockholm and Wiegner in Zurich. The Danish war rationing was largely based on the value of the bran. . . .

When nine-tenths of the food consists of defective articles of food, is it surprising that illness increases? We have often tried to live on white bread and butter as the main source of sustenance, but we soon became listless and ill.

Some of the most noteworthy experiments in low protein feeding were made on Hindhede's assistant, Frederik Madsen. Madsen worked extremely hard as a gardener, bricklayer and general handy-man, labouring ten, twelve, fourteen and more hours per day, doing overtime and afterwards working on his allotment. He had never time or opportunity for going in for sports. Another assistant of Hindhede was Holgar Madsen, who likewise led a working man's life, sportless like most Continental workmen, and labouring hard. While he was being experimented upon with low protein feeding, a great Danish walking match around the Danish mainland was being

talked of. Holgar Madsen, unathletic as he was, wished to join in. Although Dr. Hindhede tried to dissuade him, he insisted upon matching himself against highly trained and highly fed athletes without any previous preparation or training. He arrived at the goal fourth among the competitors, having covered a distance of 422 kilometres, say 240 miles, in 99 hours 35 minutes, and having done on an average 60 miles per day. Obviously on 3d. or so per day, on a meatless, eggless, cheeseless and butterless diet, men can become healthy and strong.

The protein superstition influenced not only the so-called scientific feeding of men, but also that of animals. Denmark is a great producer of live stock, milk, butter, etc., and the farmers and peasants habitually spent large amounts of money on expensive concentrated food imported from abroad. Having made important experiments in low protein feeding on himself and others, Hindhede experimented on animals as well, and he suggested to the farmers that they should replace the expensive imported oil-cake, etc., by cheap Danish-grown roots and other fodder. They did so with great benefit to the principal Danish industry and to themselves. The importance of the reforms effected caused the Danish Government to create a State Laboratory for Nutrition Research. Dr. Hindhede was put in charge of this establishment, and his local fame grew rapidly in consequence of the remarkable results which he achieved.

When the war came, when the Continent was strictly blockaded, the plight of Denmark became very serious. Food control was established, and the Danish food policy was shaped in accordance with Hindhede's teaching. A gigantic experiment was made on men. The entire Danish nation was put upon Hindhede rations. It was deprived of meat and fat, but was given super-wholemeal bread, consisting of the flour and all the bran, and an extra quantity of bran was added which in normal times would have gone to the cattle. The effect of this nation-wide experiment was most remarkable. Dr. Hindhede has stated in an article published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* in 1920:—

> We ate all our bran ourselves. We not only ate whole-rye bread, but we mixed all our wheat bran with the rye flour, and were able to bake good bread in this way. We not only milled our rye to 100 per cent., but,

profiting by previously made experiments, we added not only all our wheat bran to the rye bread, we added also 24 per cent. of barley meal, milled to 90 per cent. If further proof were needed, this war experiment on such a large scale has demonstrated that bran is excellent food.

The Danes were well fed while the Germans were starving, and the mortality of the population declined in the most extraordinary manner. In Copenhagen deaths per 10,000 population between the ages of 25 and 65 years declined from 145 in 1916 to 123 in 1917 and to 99 in 1918. Certain diseases due to protein plethora and vitamin starvation disappeared altogether. Commenting on the position, Dr. Hindhede stated in a paper published in the *British Medical Journal* of August 12th, 1922:—

As we in Denmark before the war used to import nearly as big a quantity of grain as our own crop, and as our crop in 1917 on account of the drought was greatly reduced, one can easily see that the situation was very critical. Indeed, a catastrophe was really pending. The situation seemed the more critical as we knew that the Germans were starving, in spite of the fact that Germany under ordinary circumstances raised 50 per cent. more of bread grains and over twice as many potatoes in proportion to its population.

Nothing could really be easier than to procure sufficient nourishment if only the newer principles of nutrition were followed, and the bill of fare made up principally of meal and vegetables. We recommended especially potatoes and barley porridge. Extensive experiments carried on in the laboratory of which I am the head have proved that young and strong men may live year in and year out exclusively on potatoes and margarine, or exclusively on barley porridge, sugar, and margarine, and continue in perfect health and vigour, with a splendid capacity for work. It is further proved through our experiments that a person may live for two years or longer in excellent health and good working capacity without fat if he only gets sufficient fruit and green vegetables, which contain the same vitamins which are found in butter. Persons whom I have employed in experiments have lived half a year on whole-wheat bread or rye bread and margarine alone. When the same persons tried to live on white bread and margarine alone they became so weak after three weeks that they could hardly walk.

The facts given by Dr. Hindhede are most remarkable. The civilised nations have become protein-poisoned and vitamin-starved by the wretched food chemists whose horizon is limited by the walls of their laboratory, and who see the world of creation in their test-tubes and other instruments. Dr. Hindhede has incurred the contempt of the food scientists by relying on common sense and practical experiments on men. The protein-poisoned and vitamin-starved world may be brought back to health by abandoning scientific feeding as taught by scientific ignoramuses.

Brighton

By The Hon. Mrs. Strachey

BRIGHTON was "Brighthelmstone" in the days before it suddenly sprang into fame from the quietude of a small fishing village, and, in the year 1786, became the renowned resort of fashion and quality.

It first attracted the attention of the public eye when George IV., as Prince of Wales, heir to the throne, "the first gentleman of Europe," and the "incomparable arbiter of fashion," in a laudable desire to economise, as he said, arrived, with a small entourage of gay companions, to the amazement of the little town. Needless to say, he was soon followed to his retreat by the lovely and elegant Mrs. Fitzherbert.

From this time forward it was the presence of these two persons that made the mainspring, the very soul, of the life of Brighton. In 1783 the Prince's debts amounted to £250,000, which, being quite unable to meet them himself, he presented to His Majesty. The King required a detailed schedule; when he saw the item, £54,000, representing the sum spent on jewels, furniture and plate, which "the Prince had ordered for Mrs. Fitzherbert to set up an establishment in London," he absolutely refused to help his son. Angry and insulted, the Prince of Wales, in order to spite and disgust his father, sold his horses in the public market, shut up Carlton House, a princely and magnificent mansion situated on the site of the present Athenæum Club, sent away the workmen, who were at that time making expensive improvements; and, keeping only a few rooms for himself, went off to remote little Brighthelmstone to get on as best he could.

We read that "the Prince stayed in a house a little way back from the sea, surrounded by trees and a garden, and with a fine view." The Brighton air suited the Prince so well, and he liked the house so much, that he bought the property. He gave orders that most of the old house should be pulled down, and a new one erected. The work was begun at once. The Prince came down to Brighton

in the summer of 1785 to superintend the operations. "The most remarkable feature of the building as it was then altered for the Prince, consisted of a circular edifice, in the centre, crowned by a dome or cupola; this was connected by Ionic colonnades to the two wings. There were balconies and verandahs so as to admit air and exclude heat, and a view of the sea could be obtained from almost every window."

The Prince arrived in Brighton on July 11th, travelling, according to his new plan of economy, in a hired post-chaise, to the great amusement of the populace. One cartoon represents the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert leaving London in a hired coach. The lady is studying "Political Economy." The coach is filled high with furniture, vegetables, meat, small beer and raisin wine. In truth, however, Mrs. Fitzherbert came to Brighton a little later. In sympathy with the Prince, she also gave up her house in town, and sought to find a residence at Brighton. A pretty, modest villa was before long secured for her close to the Pavilion, a little house with green shutters, separated from the mansion by only a strip of garden. How small and simple must this modest home have seemed compared to the luxury and brilliancy of her life in London, where, at the magnificent receptions at Carlton House and also at her own establishment in Pall Mall, she was honoured by the Prince as the acknowledged leader of society in his brilliant entourage.

We read in the diary of a contemporary, who was also one of the stars of the fashionable world, that "when Mrs. Fitzherbert was living in Pall Mall, within a few doors of Carlton House, we were at one of the assemblies she gave, which was altogether the most splendid I was ever at. Attendants in green and gold, besides the usual livery servants, were stationed in the rooms and up the staircase to announce the company and carry about refreshments, etc. The house was most beautifully furnished. One room was hung with pucked blue satin. . . . Her own manner ever remained quiet, civil, and unpretending; and in the days of her greatest influence she was never accused of using it improperly. The Prince, and I think his brother the Duke of York, came in late to the assembly" (Frampton).

Under the genial smile of the Prince of Wales, and favoured by the grace and beauty, the dignity and elegance of Mrs. Fitzherbert, Brighton became the most brilliant rendezvous of society, and the shroud of mystery and romance that surrounded them, as to their marriage, only enhanced the infatuation, almost worship, which was always accorded to Mrs. Fitzherbert.

We read that during the summer in 1786, which they spent in retirement at Brighton, the Prince walked daily with Mrs. Fitzherbert on the broad open space between the Pavilion gardens and the sea, known as the Steyne. This became the fashionable parade, where during the next half-century might be met at various times nearly all the most celebrated men and women in England—all the " princes, politicians, beauties, and beaux that made up the brilliant society of the later Georgian era."

Again in July, 1787, we hear that " Brighton was full to overflowing : not a house or lodging was to be had, and its virtues as a health resort were extolled to the skies." We read in the *Morning Herald* of that date : " We have never seen His Royal Highness in better health or more buoyant spirits than in his evening walks on the Steyne. His company on these promenades, exclusive of the gentlemen of his suite, was Mrs. F———, the Countess of Talbot, and Lady Stowell." It now became the fashion for people of position, and for many of the best families, to take houses there.

Speaking of Mrs. Fitzherbert, a visitor at Brighton records : " I can recall her to mind at this time radiant in her brilliant loveliness—her delicate features, her pure complexion, her exquisite brown eyes, her serene expression, combining to produce a face that impressed every spectator with a delightful sense of amiability and tenderness, while her figure, set off to the best advantage by the costume of the time, was always distinguishable from those of the aristocratic beauties, by whom she was generally surrounded, by its singular dignity and grace. She never had an enemy and was constantly increasing her circle of friends." A Mrs. Shergold writes of her : " She was a woman who needed nothing but a diadem to make her a Queen."

We hear, too, that " the Prince of Wales gains many

hearts by his affability and good-humour. His company is much better than it used to be, and he is certainly more sober in his libations to Bacchus."

There is no doubt that it was through the good influence of Mrs. Fitzherbert that the Prince was a reformed character. "He drank less, he gambled not at all, moderated his language, and seemed in every way to lead a new life."

In November, 1789, Brighton had the thrill and excitement of being the first to hear of the alarming illness of the King. The Prince was there when he received the news, so disturbing to himself and Mrs. Fitzherbert.

For some time the King's mind had been deranged, but he had not been put under any sort of restraint.

During the time that the Regency Bill was in Committee, Mrs. Fitzherbert's position was necessarily much discussed by the Ministers; the fact that she was a Roman Catholic making the subject a still more difficult one. It was suggested provisionally to offer "no less a sum than the annual allowance of twenty thousand pounds to the lady, on condition that she should retire to the Continent." This the lady positively refused to do, and when Fox suggested offering her the rank of a duchess, she spurned it, refusing all rank except that "to which she holds herself entitled."

During the illness of the King, whilst the Prince was elected Regent, great pressure was put upon him to marry.

Lady Jersey, an intriguing and beautiful woman, contrived by her fascinating arts and beguiling ways to capture the affections of the fickle and susceptible Prince; gaining complete ascendancy over his mind and feelings, her influence became unbounded.

She represented to him the impossibility of settling his financial difficulties, as long as he so closely associated himself with Mrs. Fitzherbert. She urged the pressing desire of the King and Queen that he should marry a German Princess; and, piqued with jealousy, disclosed to the best advantage her furtive plan to make the breach with Mrs. Fitzherbert, which already existed, final and complete, insidiously suggesting that Mrs. Fitzherbert had no claim upon the Prince—it was his duty to find himself a Queen, by birth a Princess and a Protestant.

"The combined effect of Lady Jersey's allurements

and arguments, and his own desperate financial conditions, proved too strong for the Prince; he yielded so far as to take the preliminary step of breaking with Mrs. Fitzherbert." Only the night before the blow fell so cruelly and suddenly upon her, she had received a note from the Prince finishing with these words, "Adieu, my dear Love, excuse haste. Ever thine, G. P. Brighton, June 3rd, 1794."

The next evening the Prince had arranged to meet her at dinner at the Duke of Clarence's at Bushey. "When Mrs. Fitzherbert arrived at the Duke's, she found the Prince was not there. A letter from him was given to her, saying he would never enter her house again."

She knew that Lady Jersey had been with the Prince at Brighton, and that was enough. "As the Prince gave no explanation of his extraordinary conduct, she sought none. She abandoned her intention of going to Brighton for the summer, and for a short time she appears to have gone abroad."

We must not be tempted to follow further the interesting details of Mrs. Fitzherbert's life.

We have only attempted to show how completely the development of Brighton was connected with her life there, specially in connection with the Prince of Wales—and to demonstrate how theirs was the creative spirit that brought to Brighton the gaiety and fashion, the brightness and good society, which have always distinguished it. Even poor old Jos Sedley, as everybody knows, was "more brilliant at Brighton than he had been, even at his sister's marriage. He had brilliant under-waistcoats and sported a military frock-coat, ornamented with frogs, knobs, black buttons, and meandering embroidery, shooting death-glances at all the servant girls who were worthy to be slain."

As Thackeray says, "Brighton, have we any leisure for a description of Brighton? For Brighton, a clean Naples with genteel lazzaroni—for Brighton that always looks brisk, gay, and gaudy like a harlequin jacket. What a monstrous fine girl that is over the milliner's—Gad, Crawley, did you see what a wink she gave me as I passed?"

"Don't break your heart, Jos, you rascal. Don't trifle with her affections, you Don Juan."

For many years the road from the Steyne to Rotting-

dean continued to be the fashionable promenade where ladies took their airing, and gentlemen walked or rode on horseback; and the devil-may-care bucks, in their high gigs, vied with each other to show off their prancing horses, their figures and fine clothes; while the pretty ladies beside them, the envied of the crowd, perched on high seats, laughed and blushed from under their be-ribboned bonnets and tremulous curls.

Immediately after sending that cruel note to his wife the Prince informed the King that he intended to marry Caroline of Brunswick: "one d——d German frow was as good as another."

To Mrs. Fitzherbert the news came as a crushing blow——"an overwhelming revelation of the Prince's perfidy."

She, who knew herself to be his rightful wife, was nothing now in the eyes of the world but a cast-off mistress.

In his will the Prince demands that "the picture of my beloved wife, my Maria Fitzherbert, may be interred with me, suspended round my neck by a ribbon, as I used to wear it when I lived, and placed right upon my heart."

On April 8th, 1795, the Prince of Wales was married.

The small house in which Mrs. Fitzherbert had first lived, when she followed the Prince to Brighton, had been pulled down, and about 1801 she built herself another called Steyne House, or more commonly, "Mrs. Fitzherbert's mansion."

A guide book of 1815 says of it: "This elegant modern mansion has a handsome brick front with a colonnade, a double staircase, and a beautiful painted window leading to an elegant suite of rooms, fitted up with much taste." An old print shows the long, graceful balcony, on which she and the Prince used to sit, sunning themselves in the morning "merry as crickets," and looking down on the fashionable promenade below. The Prince Regent and Mrs. Fitzherbert had been reunited, and lived with more attachment than ever, almost entirely at Brighton. He had separated himself from the Princess of Wales, a year after his marriage. "All Brighton walked, rode and drove on the Steyne in those days, and on the level open spaces, which are now gardens, divers entertainments took place—auctions, rustic sports, drilling

of the militia, betting rings in race week, Punch and Judy shows, and the playing of military bands." The Pavilion was now a magnificent palace. Having obtained money at the time of his official marriage, the Prince had again enlarged and redecorated his "lordly pleasure-house." "Several pieces of very beautiful Chinese paper had been given to him, and these suggested the idea of the famous Chinese gallery."

We hear of its being decorated with "dragons, lanterns, pagodas, and figures supposed to be peculiar to China." We read of "the music-room, with its gorgeous frescoes, and green and gold dragons; the yellow drawing-room, with its Oriental colonnades; the saloon, or rotunda; and above all the banqueting-room, with its domed ceiling representing the sky." Wonderful, extravagant and hilarious indeed were the orgies that took place in the domed hall—everybody suffering from the terribly heated atmosphere that the Prince delighted in.

From this time forward Brighton began to increase very rapidly in size. Creevey speaks of it—Mrs. Creevey being a great friend of Mrs. Fitzherbert—and other writers talk of the immense popularity of the town. Ball-rooms, shops, theatres, coffee-houses and libraries were built. We read further in the guide book that "Taste and character may be better learned in a library than in a ball-room; and they who frequent the former in preference to the latter, frequently enjoy the most rational and the most permanent pleasure." There were three libraries in Brighton at that date. All the morning and evening papers were regularly laid on the reading tables; the "monthly and the gentleman's magazines, the reviews and other pamphlets," were diligently procured for public use.

And never since those days has Brighton changed. Ever has it been the home of luxury and amusement.

Although Brighton seems to have existed from very early times, as we know by the fact that in Edward the Confessor's time the Manor of Brighthelmstone was held by Godwin, Earl of Kent, and also that William the Conqueror bestowed the whole barony of Lewes, of which Brighthelmstone was a manor, on his son-in-law, William de Warren, and also that in the thirteenth century the village had become sufficiently important to require a

charter to establish a market; yet so much had it fallen into insignificance that nothing is now left of historical interest.

A head-stone in the churchyard, however, commemorates a woman of most unusual strength of character and physical endurance.

"To the memory of Phœbe Hessel who was born at Stepney in the year 1713. She served for many years as a private soldier in the 5th regiment of foot, in different parts of Europe; in the year 1745 fought under the command of the Duke of Cumberland, at the battle of Fontenoy, where she received a bayonet wound in her arm. Her long life, which commenced in the reign of Queen Anne, extended to George IV., by whose munificence she received comfort and support in her latter years. She died at Brighton, where she had long resided, December 12th, 1821, aged 108 years, and lies buried here."

Fashions come and go; fresh families rise into pre-eminence, and sink again into oblivion; warriors, politicians, royalties, diplomats, move the world for a little day; but the waves break, and the spray splashes up on the Brighton walls, watched by the invalids in their bath-chairs to-day, as in the time of the lovely Mrs. Fitzherbert. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.* Man must be amused. Theatres, racing, balls, bands, cinemas and dinners; the way of it may change, but the desire is the same. The excitement of the cockpit and the performing bears has given way to the cinema and motor excursions. If we are more refined, are we more happy and pleasant? If the world moves faster, do we get so much for our money? Each generation thinks that the one before was the happiest. Well! it may be so: but anyway we still have Brighton, in character unchanged and unchanging: where care and worry may be thrown aside, where amusements abound to refresh the weary and the sick; and the air is as pure and salubrious to-day as it was when George IV. went there in his post-chaise to investigate the fishing village, and walked amongst the elegant ladies of his brilliant Court.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

Mr. Churchill's Portrait

"It's like this, you see, Heddle," said Sergeant Murphy. "Wance upon a time, whin the Liberal Party was a goin' concern, the National Liberal Club had me bould Winston done in oils. They'd do him in boilin' oil now, but that's neither here nor there. Annyhow, they've still got the picture—an elegant wan of the great man with the fassade of a Napoleon and the premachoor baldness of the massive thinker. But the divil a know they know what to do with it.

"They held a committee meetin' about it the other day.

"'What's to be done?' says wan fellah. 'We can't leave it hangin' in the smoke-room. I wint in suddenly this mornin' and there was a mimber puffin' shag away at it with an air of contimpt, and other mimbers say they're afraid to talk Liberal matters with him lookin' on and listenin' to every word.'

"'What about a quiet corner of the dinin' room?' says another.

"'What?' says a third, 'and have fellows throwin' custhard pies at it? There's manny a man that's just been hoofed out of his seat be Winston's allies that 'ud go for the picture with a carvin' knife. Besides'—and he dhropped his voice—'he's no model for young Liberals. There's plinty of wobblers here who'd go over to the inimy if they saw a sure prospect of loaves and Fishers waitin' for thim, and the sight of Winston's lofty brow and the thought of the grand job he's got through bein' broadminded at the right moment 'ud be a sore timptation to min that have for manny a long day had to rowl into the division lobby arm in arm with the red-tied comrades from the Clyde.'

"So you see how awkward it is, Heddle. Thrue, the club might pawn the picture, or they might park it in the cellar. Or even, in a vingeful moment, wish it on to the poor old Carlton Club.

"But the throuble's this. They don't know the day nor the hour whin Winston may not start a riot among his new friends, and the next afternoon he'll be back hobnobbin' with Mond, and crackin' jokes with Lloyd George about Old Man Asquith. And the porthrait must always be ready to welcome back the prodigal. So I think they'll ind up be hangin' it in the cloak room with its face to the wall, like a naughty boy at school.

"You see, Heddle, Winston's too big a man to be ignored be frind or foe. He's the Wan-Man-Band of politics. There's scarcely an insthrumint he hasn't played from Colonies to Air, and from Home Office to Munitions, and he knows thim all backwards. Be the Holy! it wouldn't surprise me if he inded up as Archbishop of Canterbury. He'd be just as much at home in that job as he would be as walkin' delegate for the Hatters' Union. And jobs like Presidint of the Royal College of Surgeons or ballet-masther at Dhrury Lane he'd take in his sthride. He bars no stake and no system. He's equal to annybody and superior to most at everything, from clippin' a polo pony to makin' war. He's a great fellah, Heddle—and, thank Heavens, he knows it."

"All blooming fine," remarked Heddle grudgingly, "but I don't see why Mr. Baldwin made him Chancellor of the Exchequer."

"You don't?" said the Sergeant. "Well, listen to me. Mr. Baldwin knew what he was about. Do you think he'd run the risk of puttin' Winston annywhere else? Wherever Winston is, that's the big job. And you wouldn't have enough thranquillity to cover a sixpence if you put him in charge of the Navy or the Air Force, or anny other place where there's money to be spint.

"But the Chancellor's job is to see that the other Ministhers don't exceed their housekeepin' allowance, and I don't invy the fellah that comes along to Winston to ask for another million."

"One paper, I see, calls him the stormy petrel of politics," remarked Heddle.

"Pethrol is right," replied the Sergeant. "A thremindous dhrivin' power, but the divil's own stuff if it's not handled properly and undher conthrol."

The Ballad of Little Saint Hugh of Lincoln

By Brian Hill

I

"Whither away, thou little boy Hugh,
With thy ruddy cheeks and eyes sky-blue,
And hair pale gold as the cowslip's hue?"
"Fair sir, to school," quoth little Saint Hugh.
"O alma Redemptoris mater."

"And what is the song thy lips do sing?
And what is the joy of thy carolling?
Throughout our streets thy voice doth ring."
"Of our sweet Lord, Christ," quoth little Saint Hugh.
"O alma Redemptoris mater."

"What is this thing that my fingers hold?
The handle is carved with good red gold,
But the edge is sharp and is cold, is cold."
"Methinks 'tis a Knife," quoth little Saint Hugh.
"O alma Redemptoris mater."

"Now, little Hugh, still me that wayward tongue,
Or a knife in thy throat instead of a song
Shall alter the tune. Is not Death long?"
"Not in God's house," quoth little Saint Hugh.
"O alma Redemptoris mater."

"With a gash in thy throat, thy song is staid;
In a pit thy hidden body is laid;
Let thy sweet Lord, Christ, now come to thine aid."
(How should he answer, Little Saint Hugh,
"O alma Redemptoris mater"?)

II

"Hath nobody seen my little son Hugh,
Who hath ruddy cheeks and eyes sky-blue?
I have sought him this day all the city through."
(How shall she find her little Saint Hugh?)
"O alma Redemptoris mater.

"Ah Mary Mother, a mother hear!
For thy dear Son's sake grant thou my prayer.
Mother of God! What sound rings clear?"
"O sweet Lord Christ," sang little Saint Hugh.
"O alma Redemptoris mater."

"Art thou there? Art thou there, my little Son?
Dear Christ! What is it that they have done?
Thy throat is gashed to thy back-bone."
"By Aaron's dagger," quoth little Saint Hugh.
"O alma Redemptoris mater."

"Haste to the Abbey, O mother dear;
I would whisper a word in the Prior's ear,
Haste to the Abbey. My time draws near,
And I fain would be gone," quoth little Saint Hugh.
"O alma Redemptoris mater."

III

"Now what miracle is this to see?
How mayst thou sing thus cheerily
With thy throat cut through so fearfully?"
"'Tis the glory of God," quoth little Saint Hugh.
"O alma Redemptoris mater."

"When Aaron had cast me in the pit,
And my heartë's blood did run out of it
Through the gash in my throat his dagger slit,
Christ's Mother came," quoth little Saint Hugh.
"O alma Redemptoris mater."

" Under my tongue she hath laid a pea,
And hath fetched my spirit back to me,
And bade me to sing right cheerily
Of her sweet Son, Christ," quoth little Saint Hugh.
" O alma Redemptoris mater.

" O holy Prior, I would that thou
Shouldst lay hold on the pea. All is ended now,
And my spirit has lingered long enow.
I have ended my song," quoth little Saint Hugh.
" O alma Redemptoris mater."

" Here in my hand do I hold the pea,
But when thou shalt stand at Mary's knee
Pray for our souls of thy charitie."
" Sweet Lord, I come," sighed little Saint Hugh.
" O alma Redemptoris mater."

AMEN.

Allotments

By Richard Church

LIFTING through the broken clouds there shot
A searching beam of golden sunset-shine.
It swept the town allotments, plot by plot,
And all the digging clerks became divine—
Stood up like heroes with their spades of brass,
Turning the ore that made the realms of Spain!
So shone they for a moment. Then, alas!
The cloudrift closed; and they were clerks again.

A Girl Shopping

By Geoffrey Johnson

Dainty and rare of face
Busy with choosing
Linen and fairy-lace
Fine as your musing—
Linen there is most comely
Looking for you,
Not of your choosing, but humbly
Waiting to woo
Your throat that curves, your limbs that poise,
To the old fashion Death employs.

Lively and warm of limb,
Nigh to be wed,
Keen on choosing your dim
Antiqueness of bed—
Gray sky brings future feeling
Over the snow:
Blank eyes outstare the ceiling;—
All to-and-fro
Is ended in the last long lying
Upon the bed that you are buying.

Yes; for the fabric wrought
That now is slave
To Beauty's choosing thought
Outlives her grave;
Linen or bed that answers
Moods of the mind
Should briefer be than dancers'
Shapes on the blind—
But Time perverse hath made us less
Than slaves we shape with our impress.

Strange Paths

By Leonora Thornber

BRIDGET MCELHINNEY, toiling wearily up the mountain bohireen that led to her home, paused at the sound of footsteps behind her, and, turning abruptly, stared back over the desolate boglands. Down at the mountain-foot shone the lights of Carribegs; beyond the lights lay the sea, sullen and grey beneath a lowering twilight. But the footsteps did not sound again, though she stood listening a full minute, whilst slowly her racing pulses fell back to their normal measure.

Then, with a half-laugh at her own fears, she went on again, her tired eyes resting longingly upon a red star that jewelled the mountain-side.

It looked very near, that star, perhaps half a mile away across the boglands, but the road that Bridget trod wound a full three miles before it reached the friendly beacon.

Three times a week for thirty-five years Bridget McElhinney had gone down that long road to her kelp-gathering on Begtra Strand, and three times a week for thirty-five years had she returned, whilst across the boglands that red star of home glimmered and burned.

In her mind's eye now as she walked she saw all that it represented—the low, whitewashed, straw-thatched cottage, with the ruddy glow from the peat fire streaming through the uncurtained window. She saw the heavy doorway, and the deepset door that was always left upon the latch. She heard the tinkle of the clear, amber-coloured stream that ran before the cottage, and felt upon her palate the curious penetrating flavour of its peaty waters. And behind all, overshadowing all, she saw the sheltering upthrust of the mountain-brow.

"Me own place," she whispered, lovingly, and then—"I wonder if Shiela be home from the curing-station yet."

The next moment she stifled a scream, for the footsteps sounded behind her, and a hand touched her arm.

"Ye shouldn't be travellin' the mountains alone, an'

the way it's mistin' over with it all," a man's voice said, and Bridget's heart gave a great leap of fear. Only Eamon Ferreilley would act so, taking pleasure in frightening a lone woman upon a lonely road.

With a brave show of indifference she turned to face the speaker. He was a tall young fellow, loosely yet powerfully built, with wiry, curly hair that grew low upon forehead and nape, and a cruel, sensuous mouth.

"'Tis yerself that's grown considerate of a sudden, Eamon Ferreilley," she scoffed. "And why for should I not be travellin' the bohireen alone?"

He made no answer to her question, only a gloating look grew in his eyes.

"Is Shiela up there?" he said, and jerked a thumb in the direction of the red star. His voice had thickened curiously, and under her close-drawn shawl she shivered. Nevertheless she answered quite casually.

"She is not, then. An' if she was, what would ye be afther with her at all?"

"I'd be afther talkin' wid her, no less," he answered, and knocked the ashes out of his pipe against his boot, putting the clay in his pocket. "Look here, Bridget," he went on, "'tis meself will be the big man round here soon. It's trouble that's brewing up again over the Ulster Boundary, and whin the Orangemen and the Free Staters fly at each other's throats, 'tis then the Republic will have a chance to fight for its own. They're calling the I.R.A. together again—so as to be ready when the time comes, ye understand."

"What's this to do with me?" Bridget demanded, and the man laughed.

"'Tis this to do with you, Bridget," he answered. "'Tis meself is a captain in that same Republican Army—glory be to God—with further to go in front of me. So why for will ye not be bidding Shiela marry me?"

"She doesn't be wantin' to, praise the Saints."

"An' who's to be takin' notice of what a girsha like that wants? Ye know yourself that if ye were just to say to her, like this—'Shiela,' says you, 'Eamon Ferreilley's a likely man, an' I've told him you'll be marryin' him,' says you—you know yourself, Bridget, that she'd do it. Now, amn't I right?"

"Maybe ye are, but it's no word of mine would give Shiela into your arms, if ye were as big as the high-up ones at Dublin Castle."

"Ye'd better be afther considering yer words, Bridget. I shall have Shiela at the latter end, ye know, so ye may as well give in first as last."

"Listen to me now, Eamon Ferreilley! I've loved that girl like as if she was me own. Her mother, that was me own younger sister, gave her to me as she herself lay a-dying, and I'd sooner bury her against her dead mother than marry her to you. I've watched ye grow up, ye know, and it's bad ye are, bad right through, and there's no honour in ye. And if ever ye *are* a high-up one, may God be helpin' the others. I've said me last word about Shiela marryin' ye. Now I'll be wishing ye good-night."

"Ye'll not so, not yet." His hand shot out like the head of a snake, and the woman winced at the grip which closed upon her wrist. "Ye've said yer last word, have ye, Bridget? Ye'll not be bidding Shiela marry me?"

"I will not so. Ye heard me."

"I heard ye. Now hear you me. I'll have Shiela in the spite of ye, Bridget, and before I've done with her, ye'll be praying God to forgive ye that ye didn't give her to me peaceful! What was it ye said? 'God help the others'? Those were yer own words, woman, and you and Shiela are two of the others. Ye'd better kape on saying it, for it's God's help ye'll be needin' sore before I'm through with ye. An' now, good-night to ye, Bridget McElhinney, an' a long memory for me words."

Abruptly he flung off into the darkness, and suddenly the tired woman rounded a bend in the road, the red star became a well of rosy light, a second well opened beside it, and Bridget stumbled home, into the arms of the waiting Shiela.

"Aunt Biddy's home, Granfer," a gay young voice called out. "I'll see to Neddy, Auntie. Supper's just ready for you."

From the old armchair beside the fire there came a curious choking noise, and Bridget, hiding her fears, bent down to kiss her father, paralysed and partly dumb, who sat out his unmoving, uneventful days in the warmth of the chimney corner. Then Shiela entered again, banging

the door behind her, and shutting the tired, frightened woman into the friendly warmth of home.

For the next few days Bridget kept Shiela continually with her; then suddenly Eamon Ferreilley left the neighbourhood, and it was whispered about that he had been transferred to the Republican Headquarters. A few days later Bridget sent Shiela secretly over the mountain to Geldore, where Bridget's sister Nora had recently settled with her husband. To those who made enquiries Bridget implied that the girl had gone into service at Londonderry.

As week followed week, and Eamon Ferreilley's absence continued, Bridget's fears fell from her, and when into Shiela's artless letters there crept more and more frequent references to Patrick Doherty, who had the next holding to Aunt Nora's, a way of escape opened suddenly before Bridget. Surely Eamon would never pursue another man's wife! Impulsively she despatched a letter of enquiry to her sister.

The answer was eminently satisfactory. Patrick Doherty was a good lad, and a likely. He had a good holding, and the half-share in a boat, and parents who needed no assistance, and would therefore waive their first claim on his purse and prosperity. Moreover, he drove a shrewd bargain at market, and though he'd been mixed up with Sinn Fein, he'd dropped all that since the Treaty was signed. He'd be speaking at any time now, and Bridget could expect to hear of the wedding arrangements being made any day. As soon as he spoke they'd write her.

But no letter came from Nora. Instead came Shiela herself, with the dust of her long walk upon her.

"He was coming last night," she whispered feverishly. "Instead came this."

She held out the little crumpled note, and Bridget read it in silence. It was brief, hastily written, shot through and through with anguish. He was still a member of the Republican Army, and the leaders were preparing in case fighting started again over the Boundary. He had been ordered to rejoin his battalion at once. If he came through he would come straight to her. He loved her.

As best she could Bridget comforted the girl, though her own heart was heavy within her. Shiela resumed her place in the little household, tending the holding and the

cottage, whilst Bridget went to her work at the nets and to her kelp-gathering upon the strand. No word came from Patrick Doherty, nor did Eamon Ferreilley reappear, though there were many vague rumours of coming conflict, and the old Republican dream blazed high in the hearts of many.

And then, one day of mellow warmth and golden haze, a great fatigue seized Bridget McElhinney at her kelp-gathering upon the beach. Like an old woman she limped along the strand, got herself with pain and difficulty upon the donkey's back, and so rode slowly up the mountain road, leaving her creels behind. Shiela looked up in consternation as her aunt appeared, and sprang to help her. From his seat by the chimney corner the paralysed old man watched them in dumb anguish.

By sunset the strange fatigue had passed, leaving Bridget white and exhausted. When the evening meal was cleared away, Shiela flung her shawl about her shoulders and bent over her aunt.

"I'm away for the creels of kelp, Aunt Biddy," she said. "I'll be soon back."

With a little laugh she went out, unhitched the donkey, and set off down the bohireen between the boglands, lying all stained and purple beneath the ruddy afterglow.

In the little cabin there fell a drowsy silence. The old man dozed in the chimney corner; upon the red-cushioned settle Bridget lay enjoying the rare luxury of idleness. The old clock marked off an hour with its solemn tick, then two, then three, and Bridget roused herself abruptly, suddenly conscious of the lapse of time.

"Saints defend us!" she muttered, "where's the girl?"

There came a vague and helpless fumbling at the latch, the door opened, and Shiela entered, her face washed clean of youth.

"Oh, me dear, me dear, what is ut?" Bridget cried, almost sobbing, as Shiela sank upon her knees by the settle.

"Oh, Auntie, it's Eamon Ferreilley I've seen, and he's mad—mad."

"He's back, then?" Bridget asked fearfully, her brain working fast. "What was he afther saying to you?"

"He was swearing I'd be sorry ye wouldn't let me marry him peaceful, because now he'd take me in spite of you, and 'twould be all the worse for us both."

"Said he so? An' what else, acushla?"

"He's one of the high-up ones now, and he's like to be higher when the fighting starts. Shure, he had the life frightened out of me down there on the boglands." She shuddered, then dashed her hand convulsively across her eyes. "Oh, I'm a fool, a fool, to let him be frightening me so. Shure, an' 'twas all boasting and talk, and maybe the drink that he had taken on him."

"That's it, Shiela," said Biddy quietly. "Just a drain o' the craythur and Eamon Ferreilley's tongue always did be runnin' away with his sinse." She was rewarded by a laugh from the girl.

"Besides," she continued, "how could he be takin' ye? We'll speak to Father O'Gallagher to-morrow. An' as for him being a high-up one, I'm thinking 'tis not the right hand of Eamon Ferreilley will ever be governing Ireland." So she talked on, reassuring, gently mocking, until at last the laughter crept back to Shiela's eyes.

But in her heart's core Bridget was deadly afraid. Not without gaining knowledge had she watched Eamon Ferreilley grow to manhood. Her secret thoughts raced about the coming hours with swift and prophetic sureness. What was it Eamon had said? That he would have Shiela at the latter end, and that she would be praying God's forgiveness for not letting her go before. And it would be so easy for him to take her. He could have taken her to-night, out there on the lonely boglands—could have spirited her away. Why hadn't he? Because of that strain of bullying cruelty in him which had compelled him to frighten and alarm Shiela, knowing all the time that she could not escape him. He had only to come up here to the lonely cabin. . . . She was sure it would be like that. To take Shiela before the eyes of the aunt who had defied him would satisfy Eamon Ferreilley's instincts completely.

A little moan burst from her at the thought.

Instantly the girl bent over her.

"Are ye in pain, Aunt Biddy?" she said, and the way out opened before Bridget.

"Oh, girsha," she whispered, "I'm a sick woman.

Away wid ye over the brow of the hill to Aunt Nora at Geldore, and mayhap she'll come over to nurse me. There's a moon, and if ye're walking fast ye'll make Geldore in less than three hours."

"I don't like leaving ye, Aunt Biddy," Shiela protested. Bridget smiled faintly.

"Ye're a good girl, Shiela," she said, "but I've a fancy I should like to see me sister Nora. Give me pencil and paper, and I'll be writing a note for ye to give to her."

Shiela brought pencil and paper, and laboriously Bridget scrawled her note :—

"Eamon Ferreilley's after Shiela," she wrote, "an' I'm thinkin' maybe he'll be up to-night. He means bad, Nora, bad! Tell Antony to be getting Shiela over to Derry, and put her into good service there. An' don't tell anyone where she is. Can ye be coming over in the morning, Nora? I'm thinkin' maybe ye'll be sore needed, for the old man's helpless. Life's cheap these days, and Eamon Ferreilley's an evil man to cross."

She signed and sealed her note and gave it to the girl.

"Kiss me, acushla," she whispered. "God speed ye." Shiela bent to kiss her. "Good-night, Auntie," she said.

A minute later the door banged, and Bridget McElhinney turned her face to the wall. It was a hard road she had set herself to tread, bitterly hard, but she could go on unflinchingly. She wondered with a little pang of fear what form Eamon Ferreilley's revenge would take. That he would punish her for sending Shiela away was beyond question. But it didn't matter what he did so long as the girl was safe. It was unthinkable that he should possess Shiela; her soul would be scorched and blackened eternally in the hands of such a man. She wondered if he would kill her when he came—bullets flew freely in Ireland these many weary months, and one never looked too closely for a murderer. Wasn't there the Ulstermen and the Free Staters and the Republicans to account for every corpse? Ah, well, it didn't really matter; her life had practically ended five and twenty years ago, on a certain night of wild wind and weather, when the sea had taken a heavy toll, and Patrick O'Shaughnessy's dead body had gone its uncaring way through deep waters. . . . And Nora would be over to-morrow to look after the old and helpless father; surely Ferreilley wouldn't wreak his vengeance on him. . . . Abruptly her chaotic thoughts

vanished like a whirl of snowflakes in a strong wind; there came a rough knocking at the door, and Eamon Ferreilley entered, his white teeth agleam.

"Where's Shiela?" he demanded harshly.

"She's gone!"

"Where?"

"Maybe she's away to Mildford! The boats leave there!"

"She's not so. I should have heard. Where is she?"

"Past your finding, Eamon Ferreilley. Didn't I tell ye she'd never be for you?"

"Tell me where she is, or, by the Virgin, I'll be killing you, Bridget!"

"Not from me will ye ever be learning where she is! And no one but me knows!"

"Will I not so?" he gritted, and took a quick step towards her. With a little sigh of thankfulness she remembered that no one in Carribegs knew that her sister had settled in Geldore.

"Will I not be learning it from you?" he repeated. "But I will so, Bridget! I'm a colonel now, commanding all Fanad. There's no one to gainsay my will. I'm one of the high-up ones, and I've a sergeant and a squad of men outside. *D'ye want to be shot for withholding information required by an officer of the Republican Army?*"

From the chimney corner came a curious sound, as though a rat had squeaked behind a wainscoting. But the two in their vital conflict never noticed the inarticulate agony of the old man.

"I'm not carin' much, Eamon, what ye do to me, just so long as ye don't get Shiela. An' ye'll not get her now!"

"Don't be a fool, Bridget! What good will it be doing ye to die? There'll be plenty glad of Shiela when I've done with her. Ye don't want to be shot, ye know!"

"No!" said Bridget slowly, "but ye can't have Shiela." Very cautiously she moved towards the door, but Ferreilley was before her.

"None of that!" he commanded roughly, and the scream died on her lips as the gag was forced home. Then, very quietly, Eamon tied her wrists behind her, and, seating himself at the table, pulled out of his pocket

a fountain pen and a sheet of thick, smooth paper. Presently he flicked the paper carelessly across the table for her to read:

"CONVICTED TRAITOR."
Shot by order
of the
I.R.A.
EAMON FERREILLEY, O.C.

Beads of perspiration glistened on Bridget's brow as she read. The man laughed, and then spoke coaxingly:

"Now, Bridget, what is it to be? Are ye going to tell me where I can find Shiela, or shall I pin this on your dead body over against Begtra Bridge? Will ye tell?"

She shook her head, and, with a gesture of impatience, the man flung open the door.

"Come, then!" he commanded harshly. Outside a squad of men, black-masked and carrying rifles, closed around her.

"March!" said Eamon Ferreilley, and the men swung down the bohireen, Bridget McElhinney, bound and gagged, walking numbly in the midst of them, her thoughts a-roaming. And in the little cabin there fell a strange silence—a silence that was presently broken by a sound like that which a rat makes when it squeaks behind a wainscot. The sound came again and again, and a dreadful mumbling followed it, the formless voice of a spirit in agony. . . ." Beg . . . Beg . . . Beg . . . " said the voice, over and over again. . . .

When Shiela left the cabin with her aunt's note, she believed that Bridget was indeed seriously ill. Anxiety lent sureness to her feet, and she climbed swiftly up the rough track to the mountain crest, and plunged recklessly down the scaur on the further side. It was hard and heavy going, dangerous, too, at times, and she was glad enough to follow the rough track when she struck it again, even though it added a mile to her journey. The moon was up by the time she reached the boglands, and then she left the bohireen, following the banks of the peat-cutters' dykes. The lights of Geldore were already a glimmer in the distance, when she stopped abruptly, shot through and through by the prescience of disaster; then, very

deliberately, she sat down upon the dyke-bank and opened her aunt's note. The next moment she was up and away.

"Oh, God!" she gasped, and, fleet-footed as a goat, fled back over the way she had come—over the boglands and up the scaur, whilst the hilltop seemed to retreat before her, and overhead the pale moon laughed. Loose stones slipped beneath her feet—then suddenly she was at the top, plunging wildly down again, with the red star that was the cabin window coming nearer and nearer. The cabin door was open when she reached it, the cushioned settle empty. Only from the chimney corner came that sound of a rat squeaking. . . . The old man's face was grotesquely twisted, tears ran over his drawn cheeks, his eyes were distraught with the desire to tell. . . . And the squeaking alternated with a dreadful mumbling.

"Eamon Ferreilley's been?" cried Shiela, and bent her head to the distorted lips.

"Beg . . . Beg . . . Beg . . ." the old man squeaked.

"Begtra Strand?" said Shiela. The eyes were still distraught.

"Begtra Bridge?" she said again, and at the relief in the old eyes she turned and ran—down the long bohireen towards Begtra Bridge.

And down at Begtra Bridge, Biddy McElhinney leant against the coping stone, whilst Eamon Ferreilley coaxed and pleaded in vain. He had never dreamt that she would resist him at the actual point of the rifles; now, willy-nilly, he must go on.

"Bridget, Bridget, ye don't want to die!" he urged desperately. "Look at the moonlight glinting on the barrels. Where's Shiela? Won't ye tell?"

She shook her head, and a great rage swept suddenly upon him.

"Then ye can die!" he spat at her, and took his place a little to the left, between her and the men.

"Bridget McElhinney," he said loudly, "for the last time, will ye give the information which is required by the I.R.A.?"

How cunningly she had been placed in an evil light! How cunningly he had framed his question! Even as the thought flashed through her mind, she shuddered, and

Eamon Ferreilley turned, his eyes a-stare. Out of the darkness of the road a dreadful cry rang shrilly, and Shiela McElhinney, spent yet flaming, came like a fury amongst them, to fling herself before the body of her aunt. The moonlight shone full upon her face as she turned, and a sudden cry broke from one of the masked men.

"Ye needn't be shootin' her, Eamon Ferreilley!" she raged, "because she wouldn't be letting me marry you. You can have me, but ye'll pay! With every inch of your body and soul ye'll pay, if I go to Hell! She sent me away to-night to Aunt Nora at Geldore, but I opened the letter, an' I've run all the way back from Foggarty's Dyke!"

Half distraught, she turned to the men, and suddenly the one who had cried out snatched off his mask and stood forward.

"Shiela! Shiela!" he cried, and the girl's eyes blazed.

"'Tis yeself that's in it, is it, Patrick Doherty?" she scoffed. "An' I thought ye were a brave man! I thought ye were fighting for a Republic! Aren't there men for ye to try yer aim on, that ye've got to take to shooting women because they've sense enough to refuse a man like Eamon Ferreilley?"

Quite suddenly the last remnant of her strength went, she swayed forward, and Patrick Doherty caught her in his strong young arms. Eamon Ferreilley's face was ghastly; behind him the men had dropped their rifles and whispered amongst themselves.

Very quietly the sergeant stepped across to Bridget and removed her gag.

"What was the information that ye wouldn't be giving the colonel?" he asked.

"Where Shiela was!"

"Nothing else?"

"What else would there be? He wanted to marry Shiela long ago, and when I wasn't for letting him he vowed he'd have her in spite of me! So I sent her away, and when I wouldn't tell him where she was he was for shooting me. Well, it's little I care who rules in Ireland, so long as they give us peace; but it's God help us all if men like him get to be the high-up ones!"

Her brief spurt of rage left her as suddenly as it had come. Weak and white, she waited.

The sergeant turned to Ferreilley.

"Is that true, sir?" he asked, and then, "No need to ask twice, your face answers me!"

He took his place again with his squad, and suddenly he spoke, clearly and coldly, across the scented air of night.

"Ye were Eamon Ferreilley before ye were Colonel Ferreilley, and it's to Eamon Ferreilley I'm speaking now!" he cried. "Ye're a liar, and a cheat, and a dog! You've abused your command, you've dishonoured the Republican Army, and Ireland won't be served by rogues!"

Quick as a flash Ferreilley's hand was at his hip, but the sergeant was before him. His rifle spoke one, and Eamon Ferreilley—that high-up one—crumpled slowly, and as slowly fell sideways.

"He isn't the first man who's tried to use the days of sorrow for his own ends," the sergeant remarked sadly. "There's many and many an ould score has been paid with death, and the murder laid to one side or the other. As though ould Ireland hadn't her two hands full enough of trouble as it is!"

Very gently, he cut Bridget's bonds, then paused, his eyes upon the dead man at his feet.

"Ah, well!" he sighed, "Patrick's a good lad, Bridget. Ye can give Shiela to him with a light heart when the day comes. Now, if ye feel able for it, the men shall see ye home, for there's much that I must see to ere the night's work's done!"

Briefly he gave his orders, and the platoon swung slowly up the road again, with Shiela carried in Patrick Doherty's arms, and Bridget's thanks unspoken.

But she had looked deep into the sergeant's eyes and he had read her passionate gratitude, as she had seen in his the full measure of this thing which he had done, and his quiet acceptance of all that it meant.

So silently she went with the men, her feet upon the mountain bohireen, but her soul travelling the strange and devious paths by which Love wins to its own.

The Folly of "The Fool"*

By the Rev. J. Worsley Boden
(Of Holy Trinity, Kingsway)

THE effect of *The Fool* upon many who are not æsthetically acute or severely rational may be seriously subversive of good sense. The æsthetic critic will be affronted, even if he be moved for the moment, by the experiment of doubtful art in the interest of doubtful ethics. The rational mind, whether its bent be towards economics or whether it be theological, may find some diversion, yet hardly the springs of conversion, in the scenes of emotional gymnastic which present this crude adventure in "Christian Socialism." But in days of immense unsettlement, in Church and State alike, a large public may be misled to look for profit in the policy of the parson who plays the Fool, and to draw some hope of peace from a campaign on the part of the Church in the conflict with Capitalism.

The Fool is a product of America, where it has had a long run. The scene of the play is New York, since the war. Allowances must, perhaps, be made in respect of its place of origin, when its obvious purpose is weighed in the scales against English common sense. But that allowance need only be small, since the point of view which is presented by *The Fool* is strongly held in some quarters in England. It is chiefly the acting of Mr. Henry Ainley, who plays the title *rôle*, which makes the play worth seeing; and of others it may be said that their acting is better than the parts which they are set to act.

The Fool portrays the triumph of "Christian Socialism," if that strange amalgam be not a contradiction in terms. But the triumph is won too easily through the initial advantages which are given to the Socialist cause. It is a one-sided contest; and it is not Socialism, but Christianity,

* By Channing Pollock: now produced at the Apollo Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue.

which wins the day. Socialism is represented by the lofty ideals and ready self-sacrifice of a Christian fanatic; Capitalism by the spiritual sterility and moral depravity of various captains of industry. Apart from the Fool himself, who gives up his orders and becomes a nominee of Capitalism and a mediator with Socialist sympathies, the Church appears in the worst light, as an appendage of Capitalism and as the plaything of the Smart Set.

In England, of course, we are familiar with this charge against the Church. But from all accounts it is brought far more fairly in "democratic" America. For here in England there is a friendliness between classes which would grow stronger if the Socialist agitator did not depend upon class hatred for the furtherance of his cause. Yet we have to confess that an artificial snobbery sometimes brings organised Christianity into disrepute. We may cite the testimony of a Canon of Westminster, who is also an incumbent, and who in the Abbey pulpit (in my hearing) described Our Lord as "the idol of the Labour man," that in his parish "only the Rector can visit the well-to-do."* We may enquire if an assistant curate is assumed to be not so well-bred as an incumbent, that he should be good enough for the humble poor, but unwelcome in the Society of Westminster. And if an incumbent finds this social prejudice, is it not his duty to correct it, rather than to plead the prejudice to explain his own heavy labours? Or we might mention another London incumbent, less eminent than our Canon of Westminster, who said in conversation that he had no work for a curate, because in his parish there were "no poor for a curate to play with." Socialism among the clergy, or at least the younger clergy, may be found to spring from causes more intimate than a general sympathy with the "working classes."

We know enough of these unhappy strains to understand exactly how Daniel Gilchrist reacted from his plutocratic environment and filled the *rôle* of the Fool. Mrs. Gilliam, a model of Victorian mock-respectability, decorating the Christmas-tree in the church on Christmas Eve, and prating of her generosity in the expenditure of petty

* *V.* Report of Commission of Enquiry into the Property and Revenues of the Church, Part II., Appendices, p. 159.

sums to provide presents for the poor; the two churchwardens, capitalist employers, complaining to Dr. Wadham, the incumbent, of Daniel Gilchrist's reckless sermons, one cursing him, the other more reasonably perturbed, because he had promised against all protest to introduce a serious strike into his Christmas sermon; Dr. Wadham, fawning on his fashionable supporters, and in self-defence commending to Gilchrist a theme which need have no reference to life; Gilchrist's resolution and his resignation under this pernicious pressure; and finally his forfeiture of Clare Jewett, whose love is not strong enough to face the lack of motor cars and other delights, and who gives herself to "Jerry" Goodkind, an offensive young capitalist who first appears flirting in church with a notorious *divorcée*, and finally leaves the scene in the last act, a sneering unbeliever and an impenitent syphilitic: these, perhaps, are caricatures, but they are not entirely fancies.

The first act in *The Fool* is in some sense the most important. The course of the future is set by the events of this Christmas Eve. Gilchrist becomes a layman, and is employed in a position of industrial responsibility by the more reasonable of the aforementioned churchwardens. He looks after the business in a remote region which the capitalist employer rarely, if ever, visits. There is a strike. Representatives of the workers call at the chief employer's mansion. He offers them cigars, which the first two accept, but the third, an immigrant Pole named Umanski, who is to figure as a convert and champion of Gilchrist, defiantly refuses. It is characteristic of a play which solicits from the audience a one-sided sympathy for the workers that this Pole should be the chief spokesman of the deputation. He makes an impassioned speech in broken English about his diminutive dwelling and his daughter, who could not go to church because he could not afford to buy her a smart enough dress, and who has since died. It is very pathetic, and the pathos is completed in an emotional moment, when a smart girl in evening dress comes in from the drawing-room, and Umanski sees in her a vision of his daughter and breaks down. The sympathy of the audience, already commanded by Labour, is further deflected from Capitalism by the behaviour of the chief

employer's son. He has now married Gilchrist's girl, spends much of his time with other women, and seeks, but fails, to deceive her with rich presents. In the interview with the deputation he shows himself to be uniformly hostile, unbending, blind. The course is set for a Socialist victory when Gilchrist proposes a settlement which will guarantee the "rights" of the workers.

The Fool reaches its climax in a "miracle" in the third act. Daniel Gilchrist has established a settlement for "down and outs"—a good work which is in no wise the prerogative or the monopoly of the Socialist. Here a cripple girl attends to everybody, brings in tea, and worships Gilchrist. Here come the criminal and the kleptomaniac and find themselves on the road to reformation. Here comes the wife of one of the Labour deputation, turned prostitute. Here comes Clare, who tires of her life of luxury and lack-love with her rotten husband, and finds that she has really loved Gilchrist through the piece. Gilchrist takes no advantage of the refugees who find asylum in his settlement. But he is distrusted on every side. The agitators, in whose cause he has contended; the capitalists, who came to him for help because he alone seemed to be able to keep the workers in some contentment and peace; both parties attack him. The men of both walks of society, who misuse and abuse their wives, accuse him of corrupting them. In the *mêlée* the Pole, whom he has converted and taught English, defends him, and the prostitute, in presence of her accusing husband, protests that Gilchrist is a saint. At the moment when the mob falls on Gilchrist, the cripple girl, who has been saying the Lord's Prayer in the corner, leaves her crutches, rises upon her feet and walks. There is an audible hush. Gilchrist, laid out on the floor, is succoured by the prostitute, the cripple girl proclaims herself made whole, and somebody says that they are in the presence of God. It is all very dramatic; and the extravagance of the scene does not quite prevent the emotion which tempts even the sceptic to a *credo quia impossibile*.

Here, in this influence of emotionalism, lie the pernicious possibilities of *The Fool*. The goodness of Gilchrist issues in the triumph of the spirit and of spiritual values. But the fictitious triumph of Socialism and the

adventitious achievement in miracle-mongering will carry conviction only to those, although unhappily they are many, who allow emotion to ride roughshod over reason.

Gilchrist, like many martyrs, is before his time; and those whom he has befriended cannot all follow him or scale his heights. Yet there is evidence of his success in practice. Umanski, the Pole, is converted. A waster, who steals Gilchrist's coat, is caught in the act, receives the coat as a gift, and afterwards brings it back in penitence. The prostitute sees the sainthood of her benefactor and would reform her life. Clare comes to see him; but he sends her back to nurse her syphilitic husband, and afterwards hears that she is happy in her life of service. All this is intelligible. But it is Christianity, not Socialism, which redeems the rake and restores the fallen.

What, then, of the "cure" of the cripple? This episode invites a vast inquiry, for which there is not sufficient space. Our knowledge in the sphere of therapeutics will not permit us to say that anything is impossible. We know that what is popularly called faith-healing has a measure of truth. The faith of a patient is a great auxiliary to medical science. Mental diseases will yield to spiritual treatment. But the sudden cure of a cripple, at the moment of her master's prostration by the mob, is too much of an exercise in emotional exaltation even for the records of Lourdes or the recent pretensions of Mr. Hickson at Bradford. In an age which is all too fond of short cuts there is great need for the steadying influence of reason, and for some practice of that "probability" which Butler pronounced to be "the guide of life." We will say no more than this. Cures may sometimes come from unaccustomed causes. But none can rightly trust to religious measures, which are proper to the soul, to cure the ailments of the body. Indeed, the advertisement of such spectacular "cures" becomes a danger to society, since it may lead many credulous Christians, or superstitious pagans, to dispense with the regular and rational procedure of first calling in the doctor.

The Fool contains some minor merits; but these are outweighed by the fundamental error which we indicated at the outset. The setting of the play assumes that

Christianity must espouse the cause of Socialism. But the setting of the play is not the true setting of life. Christ's Religion is, indeed, nothing if it has no relation to life and no application to its problems. But industrial life is too complex for organised Christianity rightly, or at least usually, to take sides. Neither side can claim a monopoly of a religion which works through individuals, and through individual conversion to that solution of terrestrial problems which lies only in the spirit of unselfishness and understanding, of charity and patience, which is the Spirit of Christ.

The fundamental folly of *The Fool* is the fundamental folly of the whole industrial world; for *The Fool* leaves the folly uncorrected. Both sides are interminably fighting; either for what they can retrieve or for what they can gain. Neither side will fully trust the other. The capitalist may find it difficult to visualise the struggle of the worker. The worker cannot believe that the capitalist can suffer sorrows like his own, or anxieties beyond his imagination or his dreams. The advocates of Socialism trade upon this mistrust and perpetuate this misunderstanding. But Christianity is intolerant of untruth; and if its influence were not frustrated by the forces of greed and jealousy, of obstruction and disruption, it would bring the representatives of both interests into "godly union and concord," and establish among them the gospel of "give and take" and the alliance of trust and love.

The Fool makes Capital concede to Labour; and the representative of Christianity organises the concession. Would it not be as reasonable to produce a play in which a Christian capitalist is in conflict with a red revolutionary or a selfish syndicalist, and the capitalist gains the day because he is a Christian? Such a play might not please the palate of the populace, or present a problem to the highbrows. But at least it would provide an essay in common sense and construction, and would serve to correct the gratuitous prostitution of Christianity to the destructive follies of *The Fool*.

England in the Theatre

By Horace Shipp

Old English. By John Galsworthy. (Haymarket.)
The Duenna. By Richard Brinsley Sheridan. (Lyric, Hammersmith.)

ONE of the curious by-products of Mr. Galsworthy's penultimate play, *The Forest*, was an almost hysterical attack upon his patriotism in the Press, until one editor went so far as to suggest that if *The Forest* were a true picture we should have been tearing down the stones of the Wembley Exhibition with sardonic laughter. The dramatist must have been somewhat staggered by this interpretation of his exterior story and the complete failure to grasp the real theme which underlaid it. For if there is one thing which Mr. Galsworthy almost religiously is, it is English; and it is true to say that he is regarded almost everywhere on the Continent as pre-eminently the interpreter and presenter of Englishmen and the English spirit.

Watching *Old English*, his new play at the Haymarket Theatre, one tries to fathom the motives which brought it into existence as the successor to *The Forest*. Remembering a sentence of almost passionate love of country in one of Mr. Galsworthy's letters, I was tempted to believe that this stage presentation of his early story was his reply to those who attempted to arraign his patriotism. Another random solution (for I confess that I was more interested in the psychology of the creator than of his creations) was that Mr. Galsworthy had made one magnificent caricature of the more specious English virtues and hurled it upon the stage as what schoolboys call a " snook " to the people who had proved so unintelligent over his last piece. A tempting suggestion; but not, I fear, " in his caractère "! Sometimes I wondered horribly whether I myself was being unintelligent, and consistently missing the point of the piece; whereupon began a wild search for some symbolism and significant phrases. But the search took me nowhere, and I came back to what, I confess, struck me as at times a pathetic and at times an ugly story.

Strangely enough, as *The Stoic* in short story form, it doesn't seem ugly. The delicacy of Galsworthy's prose manages to underline the stoicism of old Sylvanus Heythorp; and stoicism is the most magnificent of the pagan virtues. On the stage, despite the superb acting of Norman McKinnel, one only saw him as a rascal, a bully, a drunkard, and various other kinds of quite unattractive blackguard. In some amazing fashion moral values underwent a curious metamorphosis, and this old gentleman's path towards his deserts in gaol or an inebriate's home was hailed by a chorus of admirers for its unswerving loyalty to purpose. When he bullied his trusting shareholders into a bad business deal, and cheated his oldest friend out of £6,000 in order to make provision for his illegitimate son's children, we were asked to side with these machinations on the rather insufficient ground that he was a "three-bottle man." For my own part I began to think for the first time in my life that there was something to be said for Prohibition. Not so his clerks, co-directors, valet and maid. They kept up a gleeful chorus of congratulation, implying or asserting that these dubious doings were the supreme English virtues.

A creditor endeavours to obtain his legitimate £300 by threatening to disclose this old rascal's villainies, and is called hound and blackmailer and bully, "Old English" nearly dying of apoplexy with rage at the affront! A daughter (who, I thought, really deserved the title of stoic) is reviled throughout for her virtue, and one could not but feel relieved on everybody's account when the hero nobly ate and drank himself to death on the night before the exposure of his crimes.

The standard of moral and social values thus set up makes it incredible at times that Mr. Galsworthy could be serious. It sounds like some fantastic collaboration of G. K. Chesterton and Horatio Bottomley, and just as we are settling down to our solution that this *is* an ironic indictment of the "old school," there comes some indisputably sincere outburst of fervent admiration for these sturdy "virtues" and the good old past. Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale, and Edmund Kean, and long forgotten racehorses, and vintages of which the "three-bottle" men have long since depleted the most luxurious

cellars, are jostled out with the English genius for persistency and courage. Whereupon one is forced to take the author seriously, or to assume that he has declared a moral moratorium in the interests of a stage story extolling the very English virtue of doggedness.

By the third act I had become very bad-tempered over it all, declaring that the costumes were *not* in fact those of 1905, and had, indeed, never strayed into this century at all; that Louise Hampton—that excellent actress—was again given a part not good enough for her scope; that the second act tripped over into farce and only twisted itself back into comedy when Reginald Bach and Irene Rooke did their money borrowing scene; that the *gamin* Jock was as maddening on the stage as in real life; and that *Old English* added only quantity to its author's work.

In retrospect I realise that there is some excellent character drawing, stage situation, a great feast of exquisite acting by Norman McKinnel, and that indefinable thing—atmosphere. And I ask why *should* an author be moral? Probably it is that one feels that Mr. Galsworthy is too essentially English to be amoral, and that in the atmosphere of realism and sentiment in which he usually works this piece will prove a strange patch, seeming to have an intention, but yielding little that does not contradict the whole trend of his work save a kind of abstract patriotism; and "patriotism is not enough."

Certainly it is Mr. Galsworthy's realism which gets in the way—his Turkish carpets and genuine furniture. We are not in the least disturbed by the unmorality of the eighteenth century pieces at the Hammersmith Lyric, and when as in *The Duenna* Nigel Playfair gives us the mixture as before we are all admiration undisturbed by moral qualms. Let our programmes assure us as much as they will that this is Spain, we know that the notion is only a device for decoration, and all those daredevil "English" qualities which drive us to frantic puritan protest in Mr. Harker's board rooms find us gleefully acquiescent in Mr. Sheringham's gay scenes. With Elsie French and Frank Cochrane and Scott Russell and Nigel Playfair himself keeping the fun going we have no time for anything but enjoyment and the tasting of the real old English flavour of the piece.

Books

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

ANNALS OF AN ACTIVE LIFE. By GENERAL THE RIGHT HON. SIR NEVIL MACREADY, BT., G.C.M.G., K.C.B Hutchinson. 2 vols. 42s. net.

THIS book embodies all the qualities one likes to think of as the peculiar prerogatives of Englishmen of the best type. It was the misfortune of Sir Nevil "Make-Ready" (as his great friend, Sir Henry Wilson, dubbed him)—yet at the same time the highest compliment to his ability—to be put so often "to clear up a mess." He will be remembered chiefly, in the popular mind, by four unhappy things—his masterly control of the troops who were sent to Wales to preserve order during the colliery strike of 1910; his "special service" in Ireland in 1913-14 to report on the situation in Ulster; his reorganisation of the Metropolitan Police, which had been allowed through supineness to have become honeycombed with disaffection, in 1918-1920; and his command of the forces in Ireland from March, 1920, to the final withdrawal of the British troops in December, 1922. In two of these thankless activities—the strike in Wales and the Metropolitan Police—he had the politicians at his back; in the other two he was hampered on every occasion in the heartbreaking manner of which some politicians alone seem to have the secret. His conduct of affairs at Scotland Yard is memorable—apart from reforms which have gained strength year by year since then—for his speech to the officers and men of the Force in the Queen's Hall on June 10th, 1919. Nothing in these two volumes puts Sir Nevil Macready on a higher plane: it is a thing of genius—not the often spurious genius which springs from mere qualities of brain or learning, but the genius of the art of dealing, man to man, with men. As regards his two connections with Ireland, the less said the better, for the credit of England. It is clear from every line that Sir Nevil Macready considered himself purely as a soldier, and acted throughout with almost superhuman restraint and absence of political bias. The policy he advocated in 1914, and again throughout his term of office as Commander-in-Chief, was "Govern or get out"; and this is just what Mr. Asquith and the other politicians would not do. No partisan condemnation of the murders and other atrocities which took place in Ireland from 1920 to the painful end could ever have the force and conviction of Sir Nevil Macready's record, which from its very aloofness and impartiality is a terrible thing to read. Only a sense of duty high above the ordinary could have induced him to carry on, in the face of the underground obstruction of spineless politicians, and of obloquy and misrepresentation on all sides. The pity of it all is that these miserable squabbles into which he was foisted, always against his will, have obscured the work he did as Adjutant-General with the

Expeditionary Force, and his still more heroic labours in the corresponding post at the War Office from 1916 to 1918, in which his name deserves to be coupled with that of Sir John Cowans. He has hard things to say of some politicians with whom he was brought in contact (*e.g.*, Mr. Birrell), but nothing but good for those who were lucky enough to serve under him. It is a record of which any man might be proud; and in many respects it is of real permanent value.

YOUTH AND THE EAST: AN UNCONVENTIONAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By EDMUND CANDLER. Blackwood. 15*s.* net.

THREE hundred years hence the *Daily Mail* will be remembered, if for no other reasons, than that it gave material expression to the genius of the late Lord Northcliffe and sponsored the writings of the late G. W. Steevens and the still living Mr. Edmund Candler. These two men are its bright particular stars; and while the one met his death in the newspaper's service, the other took eight wounds which he has survived, and now he has written "an unconventional autobiography," which is the best thing of its kind we have ever seen. Steevens, had he lived, might have done something similar, but certainly nothing better. The two men have much in common. Both divided their literary allegiance between *Blackwood's* and Lord Northcliffe; scholarship and fine breeding are inherent in every word they wrote; and both have managed so to express themselves as not only to satisfy the academic, but to pass on their peculiar flavour to that larger public which mere "highbrow" writing can never touch. In *Youth and the East* Mr. Candler exposes himself and a life so packed with sport, adventure, romance and impecuniosity that few novels are in the same street with it. We get to love the man—his modesty, his humour, his courage, his chivalry are irresistible—and the one fault we find with his story is that we wish it was twice as long, or, rather, more amplified, and, perhaps, more egoistic. We discover, suddenly, for instance, that he has lost an arm—he mentions this casually, as though it were a toe-nail; or that he has been sentenced to death in Bolshevik Russia, a mere trifle lightly passed over as you or I might remark that we had received a card for somebody's dance. That is Mr. Edmund Candler, who some day, greatly to his surprise, will discover that in *The Unveiling of Lhasa* he has written a classic, in *The Long Road to Baghdad* he has "done it again," and now in *Youth and the East* has taken rank with Kinglake, Burton, Doughty, and George Borrow. If he could only learn to lie a little and "swank" a little, and exploit the craven virtues of what is called "publicity," he would be a "best-seller"; but, fortunately for us to whom his work is a delight, he remains the integral Englishman.

BIOGRAPHY.

JOSEPH CONRAD: A PERSONAL REMEMBRANCE. By FORD MADOX FORD. Duckworth. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

MR. FORD'S contention, that a biography should be a novel, is amply justified by the sensitive perfection with which he reconstitutes for us the intimate Conrad in this delightfully discursive set of

personal remembrances. Mrs. Cluppins in the witness-box is a failure because the law has determined to channel and dam the "whole truth"; but the Cluppins method is the true narrative style, at least for Mr. Ford—far better than the formal, documented progressions with which the legal mind has contrived to inoculate the biographer. "To make you see" was Conrad's passion, and Mr. Ford's to see, not like a photograph, but like life itself, by quick impressions, cumulative in effect, penetrating, colourful, and in high relief. It is thus that we get Mr. Ford's twenty-five years of his friend, from the moment of their first meeting to the day when, in France, he saw the announcement of his death—we get the long collaboration with its agonies, its intervals, its theories, its vicissitudes; we get odd glimpses of Wells, of Galsworthy, of Hudson, and Stephen Crane, all aware of Conrad's genius; with side-lights upon William Heinemann and many others. We get also a complete treatise upon the collaborator's views on technique, with witty examples, making this story, in part, a text-book for novelists, and explaining Mr. Ford's attractive later method; in short, the book gives us a pleasing insight into the Ford *intime*, unavoidable in personal reminiscences—but Conrad always more and more the aristocrat adventurer, or, to quote from the tribute written for the *Journal Littéraire* at the moment of Conrad's death: *Ce grand gentilhomme anglais qui suivait la mer*. That Conrad was inspired in his boyhood, in Poland, by Captain Marryat's sea stories is strange enough; that he thought in French and found English—the language of his masterpieces—incapable of fine prose, is stranger still. Strangest of all, perhaps, it is that Conrad lived to know his mastery acknowledged after the long, gallant struggle he made for the dignity of material security, for which he was so eager, but for which he would not surrender a hair's breadth of perfection. A Don Quixote of letters to whom Mr. Ford was Sancho Panza is one of his biographer's own tributes. Well, Conrad was fortunate in his squire, and is still fortunate in his tenderly amusing remembrances; for he remains august seen close at hand and continually. A very delightful book, with the Epstein bust and a pleasing photograph to choose from, though neither of them tell us whether the monocle was put into the "right eye" or the "*œil gauche*."

TRAVEL.

TIDEMARKS. By H. M. TOMLINSON. Cassell and Co., Ltd. 12*s*. 6*d*. net.

WERE Mr. Tomlinson a man of commoner clay, more content to take this poor world as he finds it, this would have been a greater book of travel. A notable book, and one to be thankful for in these degenerate days, it certainly is—Mr. Tomlinson could write no other; but yet an arduous book to read page by page, and line by line, consecutively, for its air is too rarified for ordinary men. Yet it is to ordinary men—your stay-by-the-fire who can only dream of the Golden Chersonese, your rolling stone whose eyes have seen its glory—to whom it should have struck home straightly. "A journey to the beaches of the Moluccas and the forest of Malaya"—Singapore,

Java, Lombok, Macassar, Amurang in Celebes, the "spice islands" Ternate and Tidore, Kelantan in the Malay Peninsula—the very names either "body forth things unknown" or bring back a whiff of *wanderlust* to the old traveller's nostrils. *And Mr. Tomlinson has overlaid it all with fine writing and psychology.* This is what is wrong with *Tidemarks;* but when that has been said, its excellences remain, as many and as sparkling as the islands of that Archipelago of which, after all, he saw only the fringe. Quotation, and still quotation, would be the only way to do it justice; and, for sordid reasons of space, that must be denied. From his outward passage through the Canal to his last look on Singapore on the return voyage, no one has ever surpassed his clear-cut cameos of sea and forest; his insubstantial-seeming pictures of that labyrinth of insubstantial-seeming islands; his vivid, colourful seizure of those aspects of life and busy-ness in the Orient which first arrest the attention of an Occidental observer who sees not only with his mind. Best of all, however, are the little human vignettes scattered throughout his pages—the reprobate Mr. Hopkins, once of the *Nellie Bligh;* the Dutch chief officer who recited Kipling's ballad of the *Mary Gloucester* to mark the proximity of the Paternosters; the forceful and adequate Maguire; and "Bible Brown," the skipper of the little *Brunei*. The old traveller in that Arcadia will receive shocks from the misprints and mis-spellings of native names, which too often mar pages too good for such disfigurement—"Weltervreden" for Weltevreden in Batavia, on page 94; the capital of "the Nail of the Universe" disguised as "Jokyacarta," on page 116 and elsewhere; the misprint in the extended name of the "K.P.M.," on page 154; and many others. Yet one old traveller promises to bear with them, re-reading passage after passage and fighting his battles over again; but he will never rid himself of regret that Mr. Tomlinson failed to appreciate the *rijstafel* and the durian!

GENERAL LITERATURE.

THE DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS. J. M. Dent and Sons. 2 vols. 15s. net.

THE anchor fouled with the dolphin of Aldine House is a very appropriate press-mark for an edition of Pepys, which, without parade of ancientry or other flourish, but decently and soberly done, in two well-made volumes, comes within the means of the average book-lover. Mr. Guy N. Pocock writes a pleasing and sufficient introduction, and Lord Braybrooke's notes have marginal place in clear type. The illustrations are from good contemporary portraits, and from Major Benton Fletcher's black-and-white sketches of surviving houses and famous places connected with the name and fame of the great Samuel. Type, paper, and get-up are all satisfying, the volumes are of handleable size, there is an index to each of names and places, and both contain a useful index of dates with page references. Altogether a most excellent, proper pair of books, with a facsimile page of the Pepys cypher, and, as a just tribute to human pertinacity, a portrait of the astute parson who read the riddle for our learning after nearly two hundred years.

SHAKSPERE'S SIGNATURES AND "SIR THOMAS MORE." By SIR GEORGE GREENWOOD. Cecil Palmer. 5s. net.

As we hope soon to be able to publish an article by Sir George Greenwood on "The Shakespeare Problem"—in the nature of a reply to Mr. C. M. Haines in our October issue—we must content ourselves now with the very briefest notice of this latest addition to the literature on a vexed and thorny subject. The book is one for the expert and the enthusiast, hardly for the general reader. It controverts, as "a fond thing vainly invented," Sir Edward Maunde Thompson's assertion (in *Shakespeare's Handwriting*) that the handwriting of the three-page addition to the play of *Sir Thomas More* is identical with that of the six "Shakspere" signatures; and it was welcomed by Lord Sydenham and Mr. Crouch Batchelor, in our November number, as finally proving incredible the theories advanced in the Cambridge collection of papers on *Shakespeare's Hand in the Play of "Sir Thomas More."*

SOCIOLOGY.

THE RELATION OF WEALTH TO WELFARE. By WILLIAM A. ROBSON. George Allen and Unwin, Ltd. 6s. net.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW may be forgiven for taking a paternal interest in Mr. Robson. It was only last month that we published the first of his series of "American Glimpses"; and in these we confess to a feeling of legitimate parental pride. But it is a wise parent who knows when to chasten his child; and *The Relation of Wealth to Welfare* certainly provides an occasion. "Wealth" is within our ken; but what, in this connection, is "Welfare"? Mr. Robson's ostensible thesis is to show that an increase of material wealth does not necessarily make for an increase of "welfare"; and the initial difficulty is clearly to come to an agreement as to what that word really connotes. In one sense, the proposition seems to require no argument; and with the section on "Health," an admitted and fundamental element of any "welfare," few will be found to disagree. The other elements of "welfare" discussed in detail by Mr. Robson—Art, Work and Education—touch more debatable ground, and involve propositions to which we cannot give such ready assent. The book is a piece of original investigation; but its conclusions are wholly vitiated by what can only be termed "socialistic" tendencies. Mr. Robson's real purpose, unfortunately, is "to describe the nature and extent of the benefits which are conferred on the individual through the workings of collective action and public expenditure in various spheres of his life where the positive rewards of social effort are usually ignored; and to suggest at the same time the great potential advantages which further effort in these provinces might produce." His ingenuous truism that "obviously the larger share of income that is left in private hands the less there is available in proportion for public expenditure" shows the cloven hoof only too clearly; and there, regretfully, we must part company with him.

FICTION.

TRIMBLERIGG. By LAURENCE HOUSMAN. Jonathan Cape. 9s. net.

"TRIMBLERIGG" is a sort of profane Everyman—every . . . man to be accurate—with the voice of God complete—an elaborate irony on

sanctified self-interest with the brilliantly accommodating mind of Trimblerigg as its centre. This story of the rise, progress, triumph and defeat of a very-free-Church minister, "communicated" by the old tribal god, enables Mr. Housman to make clever fun of a great many modern movements of high-flown patriotic and quasi-Christian type. The agile mind of Trimblerigg climbs by the ladder of obscure sects to missionary finance, and, eventually, to the dictatorship of a new theocracy upon strictly advantageous lines. His world-wide success as an organiser of commercial religion leads to his downfall at the hands of one of the modern-mediævalistic associations of inflated and costumed busybodies, backed by Big Business. Everything comes under the comic lash, from Joanna Southcott to Wembley, with its "homes for haloes." From being a sharp analysis of the individual's power of self-humbug, this epic of modernity develops into an extraordinary satire on the interested credulity of the human race. It is a jest full of point, and points, but perhaps a trifle over-elaborate, though the even flow of Mr. Housman's progression carries the reader across the less piquantly relative episodes. Trimblerigg's sister Davidina is a pleasingly astute chorus, and Mr. Kapp's clever "portrait" of the hero a touch of corroborative fun.

THE WHITE MONKEY. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. Heinemann. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

AFTER the Saga, the Recessional, Soames Forsyth still cynically detached but softening, almost mellowing. At one moment romantic coincidence strikes a serial note and admits the "Bicket" idyll, during which Soames blows out balloons and releases them upon the night air—prodigious! *The White Monkey* is an allegorical Chinese picture of untidy and regardless enjoyment, in which the modern mode of life is discernible. Fleur's Pekinese Ting-a-ling is another animal commentator; both are representatives of an older and wiser civilisation piquantly used in the disturbing whirl of the upper-middle society world. Fleur's poet lover and her post-war husband supply the touches of passion and good-fellowship, and all ends well with the redemptive baby. The old proud stability and the new humanism meet in agreeable contrast upon the brink of a more adventurous and more lively future. Mr. Galsworthy regrets a great past, but is not without sympathy for an emergence. One fears that this is goodbye to Soames and all the fine things he stood for; *ave, atque vale!* And now?

TALES OF INTRIGUE AND REVENGE. By STEPHEN MCKENNA. Hutchinson. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

A STRIKING point about these sixteen good stories is the fact that they make their first appearance in this volume; another point is that Mr. McKenna has not named his book after his own choice in the group, but left the responsibility of deciding to his readers. *Intrigue and Revenge* is rather misleading as a title; several of the tales are comedies—more or less grim—whilst in others the intrigue is that of pure fun. Mr. McKenna is at his best where neither intrigue nor revenge has any place—such sketches, for example, as "Myrtle" from the civil war in Ireland, and "The Paynton Tradition," an Armistice

Day experience; these are fine pictures of mental strain in exceptionally exciting circumstances. The social medley is delightfully caricatured, in some of these stories, with a dry underlying humour and sly sense of climax; the bits of feminine persiflage are effective, if a trifle heavy-handed; but Mr. McKenna tells all his stories with point, if he only does full justice to his powers in a strong situation and with masculine intonation.

THE HIDDEN PLAYER. By ALFRED NOYES. Hodder and Stoughton. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

MR. NOYES, being a poet, deals, in the most elaborate of these eleven stories, with the borderland just beyond the ken of our five wits: his "Hidden Player" is the power beyond the physical plane where the supernatural begins, and he succeeds in giving the convincing note—as when a man, under great moral stress, plays chess with an invisible opponent, or when another, in the last stages of exhaustion, meets a company of long-dead pioneers. But, capital as these experiments are, it is the most matter-of-fact and commonplace of the stories which show the author's powers at their fullest. His "Court Martial" is a poignant and convincing bit of imaginative realism, and his "Parson's Tale" is one of the finest bits of plain narrative imaginable. There is a third Mr. Noyes in "The Red Rat," a delightful irony upon modern versecraft, in which the fame of the great new poet, "Jabez Podd," is eclipsed by a still more remarkable writer. This is full of robust fun, and the examples of *vers libre* are delicious. *The Hidden Player* gives at least three facets of Mr. Noyes, each of them enjoyable and together affording the delight of variety.

THE GLORY OF DON RAMIRO. By ENRIQUE LARRETA. Dent. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

THIS curiously fascinating story from the pen of a distinguished Spanish-American writer has already appeared in a French translation by Rémy de Gourment, in itself a proof of its quality. In the English version Mr. L. B. Walton has preserved much of the music and dignity of the Castilian, and presented English readers with this magisterial romance of the time of Philip II. in a manner worthy of its importance. Don Ramiro is a curious blend of pride, religion, and mournful passion, all of which motives contend in the soul of this extraordinary being, born of Moor and Christian, and shadowed by the dark secret of his origin. So entirely does the hero fit into his strange and romantic setting that one is prone to forget the consummate art which goes to such a picturesque reconstruction of an epoch, making it read as a contemporary account. This quality is heightened by the apparent lack of plan in the sequence of Ramiro's overwhelming egotisms, and by the unanticipated adventures and revulsions which invest the sombre story with the dignity of actuality, and lead to a climax as strange as the narrative itself.

Overseas Literature

By
Lionel Stevenson

On page 876.

Empire Notes

The Empire and the Election

EMPIRE development and the improvement of trade relations between the United Kingdom and the Dominions and Colonies should receive a great impetus as the result of the memorable General Election of October 29th. We say "should" instead of "will," because of the very magnitude of the victory secured by the Conservatives. In so far as the huge Parliamentary majority tends to induce over-confidence and a disposition to become somnolent, it will be a source of danger rather than strength, and any disposition to regard the final battle as won must be guarded against by constant remembrance that the struggle will rage with even greater violence in four or five years' time, and that the battleground can hardly be as favourable when the next election comes as it was on this occasion. With Mr. Amery and Mr. Ormsby-Gore at the Colonial Office, Empire affairs are in capable hands, and we may

confidently expect speedy action to repair the mischief that has been done during the past nine months.

Preference

First must come the fulfilment of the pledges given last year in regard to Imperial Preference. There will doubtless be an attempt on the part of the Opposition to characterise the proposed duties on foreign apples, canned fish, and certain kinds of dried fruit not now dutiable as an infringement of the promise made before the election that there should be no tax on food. But any such attempt must be vigorously resisted, since a selective policy with regard to the Economic Conference programme would cause great resentment in the Dominions. That programme was arranged with the intention of balancing the interests of different parts of the Empire as far as this could be done within the limitations enforced by British fiscal policy. The duties on foreign apples and canned fish were agreed to mainly to assist Canadian producers against American and Japanese competition, and to encourage settlement in that Dominion, just as the dried fruit preference was mainly intended to facilitate settlement in Australia and South Africa. Canadians would have a genuine grievance if the proposed new duties on foreign apples and canned fish were dropped and the other parts of the Economic Conference programme adopted. In the case of dried fruit some difficulty may arise as the result of the reduction in the gross duty from 10*s.* 6*d.* per cwt. to 7*s.* per cwt. which was made in Mr. Snowden's Budget. Under the Preference agreement recently made between Canada and Australia, Empire-grown dried fruit is given a preference by Canada of 14*s.* per cwt., so that a restoration of the British duty on foreign dried fruit to 10*s.* 6*d.*, with free admission for Empire-grown fruit, would still leave Australian and South African dried fruit in a better position in the Canadian market than they would be in this country.

Naval Defence

Australia and New Zealand will doubtless expect early reconsideration of the question of the Singapore base, but something more than this is needed. The whole problem of naval defence requires examination by a conference of the naval

advisers of all the self-governing portions of the Empire. Their recommendations should thereafter be examined by the Governments concerned, and a real effort made to secure complete co-ordination of policy and an equitable agreement as to the share of the cost to be borne by each British State. The period is rapidly drawing to a close, if it has not already done so, when the United Kingdom can afford to bear almost the whole burden of Imperial naval defence. After every effort has been made to prevent the initiation of any fresh competition in naval armaments, there will remain a minimum naval strength below which the sea forces of the Empire cannot safely be allowed to fall; and it would be the business of a conference such as has been suggested earlier in this paragraph to decide what that minimum strength should be, and to allocate the proportions of the cost to be borne by the various parts of the Empire. The defence of these islands and the maintenance of their food supply, which implies the protection of the main trade routes, is a legitimate charge on the Exchequer of the United Kingdom; but the defence of the Dominions and India, particularly against attack by non-European enemies, should in fairness be paid for by the countries more immediately concerned.

Development of Tropical Africa

As regards the development of tropical Africa, the effect of the great political change in this country will be very marked. The personal knowledge of Southern and Eastern Africa acquired by Mr. Ormsby-Gore will be of the greatest value in aiding the Colonial Office, and through it the Government, to form a just view of the most pressing needs of the British colonies and protectorates which occupy the huge area between the Zambezi and the Nile. Mr. Ormsby-Gore has already given expression to his opinion as to the urgent need of the Zambezi bridge and the development of the port of Beira, in order to enable Nyasaland and North-eastern Rhodesia to increase their production of cotton, tobacco and tea, and to engage in the cultivation for export of maize and cereals. He has, in fact, accepted the views expressed in the article on "Nyasaland's Transport Problem" which appeared in the September number of this REVIEW.

One of the most deplorable features of the past year has been the virtual stagnation of Empire settlement. In spite of a natural increase at the rate of nearly 400,000 a year, migration since the war has probably not attained half this figure, and the bulk of the actual outflow has been to the United States—a criminal waste of British man-power which ought to have been employed in Empire development. Unemployment must be considerably greater than the Labour Ministry's figures indicate, since these do not include numbers of young men and women of the middle class who do not draw relief. The arrangement of a large-scale programme of Empire settlement in collaboration with overseas Governments is a task that must be tackled without delay. There are great difficulties to be overcome, partly of a political character and partly financial, but they are not insuperable; and the urgency of the matter is such that delay must prove disastrous to the economic position in the United Kingdom and the security of the overseas Empire. Probably the most promising road to a solution of the problem is a large extension of the group settlement plan, whereby communities from the same town or district in this country are transplanted overseas without breaking personal associations. Such settlements, closely linked by sentiment and by finance with the parent community, would eliminate one of the chief deterrents to migration in the minds of a large number of people, who fear the loneliness associated with an individual move to a new country. To some extent this plan would be a reversion to the methods of the old Greeks, whose colonisation efforts consisted of a co-operative exodus of the surplus population of the original community to some fresh site.

Settlement

The agreement reached between the Australian Federal Government and the South Australian Government on railway matters, of which brief details were contained in a recent telegram from Adelaide, will clear the way for a serious effort to remove the worst inconveniences resulting from the differences of gauge which obstruct inter-State passenger and goods traffic in the Commonwealth. In return for the extension of the South-North Transcontinental

Australian Railway Agreement

northwards to Alice Springs (almost at the centre of the continent), the South Australian Government has agreed to the laying of a third rail on the partly 5 ft. 3 in. and partly 3 ft. 6 in. main line from Adelaide to Port Augusta, where the East-West Transcontinental to Kalgoorlie begins. This will give a 4 ft. 8½ in. line from Kalgoorlie to Adelaide. Presumably an extension from the 4 ft. 8½ in. New South Wales system to connect with the Adelaide-Port Augusta section will also be put in hand. Thereafter a short 4 ft. 8½ in. line from the New South Wales border to Brisbane, and a third rail from Kalgoorlie to Perth (or a new line on a better alignment between these points) would complete a 4 ft. 8½ in. route connecting all the mainland capitals except Melbourne.

Trans-planting Salmon

An interesting experiment has been successfully conducted by the Canadian Department of Marine and Fisheries, according to the Ottawa correspondent of *The Times*. Atlantic salmon have been transplanted to the Pacific slope, and Pacific salmon of the sockeye variety have been placed in Lake Ontario. During the six years in which this attempt at transplantation has been in progress about 200,000 sockeye have been released annually in Lake Ontario, while 500,000 young Atlantic salmon have been placed each year in the Cowichan river on Vancouver Island. One important difference between the two species is that the Pacific salmon dies after spawning, while its Atlantic relative does not, and it will be very interesting to ascertain in the course of time whether any modification in this or other respects results from the possible differences in temperature and salinity of the two waters.

Overseas Literature

From a Canadian Point of View

By Lionel Stevenson

ENGLISH literary history of the past century is a welter of entangled "tendencies" and "influences" as yet remaining largely unclassified; which is natural, when one realises how subtle and complex is the task involved in merely isolating any single tendency or influence, preparatory to analysing it. While this tempting and baffling quest awaits the literary investigator, it may seem impertinent to advance a less important research as worthy of his attention; but my present topic is not merely tangential to the central problem: it will provide, I am confident, valuable clues for the penetration of that larger labyrinth.

Although the extension of English literature into the other parts of the Empire should be an attractive theme for critical inquiry, it has been as yet entirely neglected. It has a very intimate relationship with wide social and administrative questions—the propagation of a culture in diverse environments, the potency of intellectual and spiritual elements in the unification of a vast Empire. And apart from this significance for the observer of statecraft, it supplies the purely literary student with a *pou sto* from which to assail his gigantic task of estimating contemporary values. English literature of the past two or three generations, when seen reflected in the mirror of its colonial counterpart, assumes a perspective which cannot be achieved by any other means.

The tendency toward localisation in the last quarter of the nineteenth century has become an accepted fact. Scotland has her recognised "Kailyard school" in fiction, Ireland her recognised "Celtic revival" in drama and poetry. Separate counties are accumulating their

distinctive bibliographies. But the more distant parts of "Greater Britain" are not so well known. India has commanded attention in literature through two outstanding authors—Rudyard Kipling representing the Anglo-Indian element, Rabindranath Tagore the native. But even in this instance no adequate study of general relationships has been made; and the literary activities of the other dominions and colonies, of Canada, Australia, and Africa, are practically unknown outside of their own boundaries. Quite apart from critical theories, surely there could be no better method of promoting mutual knowledge and sympathy among the component parts of the Empire than by interchange of the literature depicting their conditions of life? And surely residents of the Motherland could comprehend more vividly the extent and reality of the Empire by reading a few such books than through any quantity of statistics?

Accordingly, in the present study, using Canadian literature for illustrative purposes, I am attempting to give at least two reasons why it is worthy of consideration. I shall first point out very briefly its value to the literary student, from what may almost be termed the scientific point of view. But I do not wish to imply for a moment that Canadian literature is only important for this specialised technical purpose; it has also its intrinsic appeal to the reader on the grounds which justify the existence of any literature: it interests by depicting definite places and conditions of life: it delights by re-creating human character in contact with environment: and it gives the deeper, less definable sense of enlightenment which helps somehow to interpret the inscrutable riddle of life.

For the literary student it offers a fascinating field for the study of influences. He will find which English and foreign writers of the century were most potent in affecting the new-world mind; how these influences could be fused and transmuted; the extent to which culture and literary tradition can be transplanted, and how large a part the new environment plays in the resulting scion. In this matter of sources and influences the study of Canadian literature is complicated by an element which would be negligible in the case of other dominions. This is the

proximity of the United States. Secondary though it is to the influence of the Mother Country, the influence of the new American civilisation has necessarily been strong. It is true that the interaction has been to some extent mutual —the distinctive "American school" of humour, for instance, is derived from the Canadian Haliburton. But at the present day the economic relationship of Canada and the United States is so close that the "culture" of the larger and richer nation intrudes along with its manufactures and capital. This is more especially the case in fiction, as a Canadian who wishes to earn a living by his novels must depend on the markets in the United States. In poetry, as in painting, the Canadian school is more distinctive and independent, little touched by the current taste across the border.

Any work of literature reveals more or less clearly recognisable traces of the whole literary development that has preceded it, so in reading the Canadian poets one is conscious of the tradition of English literature whence they are sprung. The luxury of Keats, the ecstasy of Shelley, the seriousness of Wordsworth, the naïveté of Blake, can all be identified, but it is not possible to label any Canadian poet as a disciple of any one of them. The various echoes are mingled in a harmonious pattern, the various points of view are merged into a consistent panorama.

More recent influences contribute also to the new synthesis. The scientific advances of the past century, and the resulting freedom of speculation, have changed the poetic vision of man and nature, of life and death; these ideas, and the English poetry which first embodied them, have been assimilated by the Canadian poets. Tennyson is a pervasive spirit, not often tangibly present but nearly always making the reader subconsciously aware that he has existed. Swinburne is here too—something of his melodies and something of his paganism are permanently incorporated in Canadian poetry. Finally, there are indubitable traces of Robert Louis Stevenson, whose tenderness and gaiety and vagabondage seem to have an affinity for the Canadian spirit. The influence of living authors cannot yet be satisfactorily determined. There are several obvious "Canadian Kiplings," and

certain recent characteristics may safely be accredited to John Masefield, but beyond that one should not undertake to be specific.

Of the American influences, the strongest are those of Whitman, Emerson, and Thoreau. While there is not much "free verse" in Canada, Whitman is responsible for a certain liberation in the handling of forms, to about the same degree that Swinburne is responsible for a certain accession of melody: the two seem to counterbalance one another in the modern Canadian rhythms, such as these:—

Here in the pungent gloom
Where the tamarac roses glow,
And the balsam burns its perfume,
A vireo turns his slow
Cadence, as if he gloated
Over the last phrase he floated;
Each one he moulds and mellows,
Matching it with its fellows:
So have you noted
How the oboe croons,
The canary throated,
In the gloom of the violoncellos
And bassoons.

But afar in the thickset forest
I hear a sound go free,
Crashing the stately neighbours
The pine and cedar tree,
Horns and harps and tabors,
Drumming and harping and horning
In savage minstrelsy—
It wakes in my soul a warning
Of the wind of destiny.

My life is soaring and swinging
In triple walls of quiet,
In my heart there is rippling and ringing
A song with melodious riot,
When a fateful thing comes nigh it
A hush falls, and then
I hear in the thickset world
The wind of destiny hurled
On the lives of men.

The foregoing is by Duncan Campbell Scott. The following is the opening of *The Cry of the Song Children*, by Wilson MacDonald:

Say not I write to a metre's measure
Who gather my words in flood.
Say not I write for lilting's pleasure,
For lo! my ink is blood.

Oh, if these lines could show my passion:
Look, is the blood not rich and red?
I will pour it out till my soul is ashen
And my grief lies dead.

I am a fragment of restless wind
Against the peak of a mountain broken.
My heart is oft with the snow entwined
And wears as a sweet token,
Wherever I move, or ever I run,
The sting of the frost and the kiss of the sun,
To show that I favour no pilgrim more
Than the next who knocks at my cheerful door.

However, the influence of Whitman on thought is probably stronger than on form. His intense feeling of brotherhood with all men and of kinship with all things animate or inanimate, his quality of "cosmic consciousness," are fundamental in the Canadian poetic outlook. Similarly, Emerson contributes something of his transcendental philosophy, and Thoreau sets a model of the loving observation and depiction of nature.

It is time to proceed to the intrinsic recommendations of Canadian literature, lest the impression be given that it is merely a hunting ground for specialists, who are concerned with the classification and anatomy of their captures, and not with their beauty or with the sport of the chase. For the general reader the work of Canadian authors has the usual two-fold attraction of literature—what Aristotle terms the individual and the universal. That is to say, it not only represents scenes and conditions which are interesting for their unfamiliarity, but also uses them as the vehicle for a fresh illumination of the mysteries common to man's existence in every age and clime.

Unfortunately, Canada has become one of the standard settings for popular novels and motion pictures. The concocters of these works, who are usually not Canadians by either birth or residence, conform to a stereotyped notion of the country which has no contact with reality. Their formula comprises a landscape of illimitable snow, peopled with a Bayard of the Mounted Police, a trapper or two, and a beautiful half-breed girl, all equipped with dog-sleds and rifles. If such incidents ever do occur at the present day, they are certainly not typical of the life led by Canada's nine million inhabitants. But the average

reader of novels and magazines must imagine that they are.

Of the genuine Canadian novelists, the first to become familiar to the English public was Sir Gilbert Parker, and his earlier romances are still unsurpassed for dignity and charm. The fame of his work, however, fostered the popular idea of the country engendered by Mr. Kipling's phrase, "Our Lady of the Snows." His characters, as well as his scenes, represent only a limited aspect of Canada—the early French settlers and, in the "Pierre" books, the French and half-breed trappers of the North.

More recently, several Canadian writers have won a wide audience outside their own country. The virile and picturesque verse of Robert Service is well known, but he, too, depicts an inaccessible part of the extreme north where only a few hundred Canadians have ever penetrated. A juster reflection of Canadian life, although tinged somewhat with sentimentalism, is to be obtained from the "best sellers" of L. M. Montgomery and "Ralph Connor." The former depicts the placid rural life of the older maritime provinces; the latter ranges from the hardy Scots pioneers in Ontario to the railway builders and miners of the farther west. And there is the significant figure of Stephen Leacock. His humour masks a keen observer of Canadian civilisation, as exemplified by the ordinary citizen who has never been a pioneer or a cowboy or a gold-seeker. It is noteworthy as evidence of Canada's Januform situation that Dr. Leacock is one of the few humourists who are equally popular in the United States and Great Britain.

Two other races preceded the British in Canada, and both have been interpreted in poetic form. The Indians speak through the late Pauline Johnson, daughter of a chieftain and his English wife. In poems and prose legends she portrayed the Indian's courage and endurance, and the imaginative beauty of his religion. The French-Canadian *habitants* speak through Dr. W. H. Drummond, who employed their quaint *patois* for humour or pathos with equal effectiveness. His work is now being carried on in prose by Paul A. W. Wallace.

A Canadian race more primitive than the Indians has its interpreters also: a new type of animal story has been

evolved by two Canadians, Charles G. D. Roberts and Ernest Thompson Seton. Until they began to write, animals in literature had been confined to the allegorical "beast-epic," a tradition extending from Æsop to the ever-fascinating "Jungle Books." But in Canada, where it is hard to maintain an anthropocentric outlook, Roberts and Seton have proved that interesting stories can be written from the animal's point of view, using the actual incidents of their life and not exceeding probability in respect to their psychology and intelligence.

Coming to the literature depicting everyday life in Canada, one is puzzled as to the best arrangements for reviewing the various and dissimilar scenes. It seems the simpler method to adhere to a geographical progress from east to west. Thus one starts with the Labrador coast and the "Grand Banks." The hard work and grim circumstances of the seafaring population are described in novels and short stories by Norman Duncan and Frederick W. Wallace. The outstanding picture of Quebec life is *Maria Chapdelaine*, by the French novelist, Louis Hémon, recently translated into English. The province of Ontario appears in many poems and prose works, from the Great Lakes, painted with all their beauty and strangeness in *The Bridge*, by Marjorie Pickthall, to the barren Northern region of Merrill Denison's disillusioned plays.

But already the geographical classification begins to prove inefficient. Some of the most characteristic Canadian scenes are not to any extent distinguishable as pertaining to Ontario, Quebec, or the Maritime Provinces. For instance, there is the endless procession of the seasons, more impressive, perhaps, in Canada than anywhere else, and a constant delight to Canadian authors. All the transitions of the year have their beauty, which imperatively bespeaks poetic reproduction: winter with glittering snow, steel-blue sky and sombre trees; the magical resurgence of life and tenderness in the spring; summer's breathless heat, and the gaudy pageantry of autumn.

Then there is the distinctive Canadian picture of illimitable forests, with their dignity and mystery paralleled by nothing else in nature. Few people can avoid feeling in the forest a sense of some impersonal entity which there alone almost reveals itself to the human

consciousness. In the poetry of Bliss Carman and Duncan Campbell Scott, in the prose of Arthur Heming, the magic of the forest is haunting and memorable.

The farm is another important element in Canadian life. Here the majesty of nature is replaced by more homely pleasures—the fellowship of domestic animals, the sequence of cultivation and harvest. As a contrast with the awe of the wilderness, one enjoys the glimpse of a haven conquered and tamed from nature's aboriginal sway. The humour and human interest to be derived from a meticulous record of these things has been proved by Peter MacArthur, and he is finding a disciple in this type of Georgic essay in Newton MacTavish. More gravely presenting the same theme is Charles G. D. Roberts' fine sequence of *Sonnets of the Common Day*.

Resuming the westward advance, one finds a different landscape in the prairies. This is a phenomenon even vaster than the lakes and forests, and as yet it has defied literary representation. Wilson MacDonald's *Song of the Prairie Land* stands almost alone. The descriptive sketches of *Janey Canuck* are bright and readable, and several recent novels have attempted to portray the life of the prairie settler; but the epics of the wheat fields, the cattle ranges, and the great railway lines are yet to be written. The same remark must apply to the Rocky Mountain region and the Pacific Coast; both have that quality which Stevenson described of demanding to have stories written about them; they await the man of genius who shall undertake to understand their soul and reveal it to the world.

Various other departments of Canadian literature might be discussed, such as patriotic poetry, showing the poets' attitude toward the Empire, and historical narratives which are often stirring records of courage and perseverance. But enough has been said to indicate the extent and variety of theme which should make Canadian literature interesting to any reader.

There remains a concluding topic, which must rest the least adequately discussed of all this inadequate survey. It is the "universal" value of Canadian literature, its contribution to man's comprehension—or rather to his intuitive and imaginative conception—of his place in the

world. It may be summed up as a revaluation of mental equipment by fresh contact with the primordial natural forces. As I have mentioned, the contrast in Canada of man's puny powers and achievements with Nature's permanence and immensity render ludicrous the anthropocentric attitude which has become traditional in older civilisations. The great basic achievements of the human spirit have come out of races in close contact with Earth. The Old Testament springs from the barren hills of Judah and the burning sands of the desert. The Greek Pantheon points back to the shepherd Dorians making their first effort to equate the powers of external nature with the human personality. The Scandinavian mythology has its root in even more desperate conflicts of man against his physical surroundings. But in Europe all these concepts have long ago ceased to be vitalised by the Antæus-contact with Earth. They are shadowy, intellectual figments, symbols which have survived their significance. Even Puck and the rest of the English fairy hierarchy have for centuries been puppets of literary convention.

Canadian authors are familiar with this body of tradition in which the imaginative faculty of the race has manifested itself. But they see it in a new perspective. The European author is brought up in an atmosphere saturated with history. The country is overlaid with monuments of human handiwork, and even the natural landmarks gain their importance from the events or legends associated with them. Added to this are the restricted traditions pertaining to each nation and to each caste of society. The individual is early equipped with a complete system of national, social, and religious dogmas, and even the unusual man who later attempts to reorganise the system according to his own rational faculty can seldom get rid entirely of preconceptions. In the last couple of generations there has been a certain emancipation of the mind in one at least of these fields—the religious. As we all know, anthropology, archæology, and the physical sciences have precipitated a reaction from the strict doctrinal religion of previous centuries. The Hebraic antecedents of Christianity are seen in a new light, and Paganism is no longer a synonym for iniquity. Canadian writers have the benefit of this new sense of proportion,

and they have a similar advantage in regard to social and national dogmas. It is a country where the immigrant of aristocratic descent has had to compete on equal terms with the humblest crofter or artisan, and the latter classes have contributed much that is finest in the national stock. Similarly barriers of nationality have diminished: in addition to the three-fold populace of Indian, French, and British, there are settlers from many European countries, and all have found co-operation imperative in the struggle for existence.

So the Canadian has an opportunity of estimating dispassionately the vast accumulation of tradition which forms modern civilisation, in order to select and retain whatever appeals to him as appropriate to the new country. And he has the further advantage of making this estimate by standards derived from an intimate knowledge of primitive nature. In Canada three hundred years of history have scarcely made an impression of the immense and ancient mountains and lakes and plains. Tracts as large as European countries are still unexplored. The inhabitants seem still to be precariously perched on a monster not yet conscious of their presence, and if they were to relinquish the effort their mushroom cities and sporadic cultivation would vanish more rapidly than they have appeared. From childhood surrounded by this vastness and potentiality of nature, the Canadian becomes aware of it long before his education in the traditions of culture begins. Since his sympathy with nature is practically an inbred trait, he instinctively responds to those features of religion, myth, or philosophy that retain some meaning as interpretations of Ancient Earth and man's relationship to her. Even Marjorie Pickthall, the Canadian poet, least intimate with nature and most deeply imbued with both classical and Christian tradition, brings to those concepts a freshness and reality that might seem impossible in this late era. *The Little Fauns to Proserpine* and *The Young Baptist* are true to the spirit of Hellas and Judæa because they are true to the spirit of Canada.

Using a symbolism selected from myth and religion, the Canadian poets embody a pantheistic outlook derived largely from various mystical poets and philosophers of the past, but vitalised and unified by genuine communion

with Nature in her pristine power, where civilisation has never intruded its confusions. Such a contribution to the vexed and complicated problems of present day life, when the war of churchman and scientist leaves the uninitiated with little but bewilderment, and when much of contemporary literature seems equally chaotic, is not to be lightly passed by.

The foregoing survey makes no pretension of being a synoptic guide to Canadian literature, far less a literary tour of the Empire. As the subject has received heretofore no critical attention, the first necessity seemed to be a rehearsal, as brief as possible, of the claims of a single Dominion. No doubt in the others the particular circumstances are different, but I do not think that the general conclusion of this study will prove inapplicable. I have attempted to indicate three aspects of Canadian literature which recommend it for recognition as a distinct realm in that world of intellect and imagination which is the archetype of our economic divisions. Just as in material affairs Canada is still a young and undeveloped country, so in the things of the spirit she has not yet completely attained to self-sufficiency. But in the latter respect, as in the former, her potentialities are unbounded.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

1/- Monthly

A Few Press Opinions

The Times

"Rich in good articles."

Morning Post

"A great variety of interest."

Daily Mail

"Seems worthy to increase an already large circulation."

Westminster Gazette

"A remarkable collection of reading."

The Scotsman

"Numerous short articles of an unusually varied and interesting character."

Newspaper Owner

"For a few pence out of reach of anybody . . . capable buyers and paid services."

Dublin Gazette

"I am going to recommend it to Revelry to all those who love their country . . . As I have said: Buy it, and you will appreciate its worth."

Belfast Times

"The English Review is a two-shilling-worth of good writing from politics to poetry."

Birmingham Gazette

"The compact and well-varied list of its contents."

Daily Telegraph

"Can be recommended to all those interested in art, in belles-lettres and in contemporary politics, which receive due consideration."

Bystander

"The English Review is full of good stuff."

Teachers' Times

"Contains a good range of first-class articles."

"All's Well"

"The Editor is a good sailor, and knows how to steer clear of the shoals."

Labour Leader

"Articles of importance and quite exceptional merit."

Review of Reviews

"A very varied and interesting number."

Manchester Courier

"The English Review is one of the best of the new monthlies."

Cambridge Review

"Whatever it may be in the future, the English Review is at present a publication of the highest value."

ROSS'S

Royal Belfast

Ginger Ale

Favourably known
all over the world.

Also Ross's "Pale Dry" for those who prefer a drier Ginger Ale.

Ross's "Pale Dry" Lemonade, Royal Tonic, Soda Water and West India Lime Juice Cordial.

W. A. ROSS & SONS, LTD., BELFAST, IRELAND.

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY THE CORNWALL PRESS (1921) LTD., PAUL'S CHURCH, STAMFORD ST., LONDON, S.E.1.
AND PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE ENGLISH REVIEW (1911), LTD., 4, DEAN'S YARD, WESTMINSTER,
LONDON, S.W.1. ADVERTISING OFFICES: 4, DEAN'S YARD, WEST MINSTER, LONDON, S.W.1.
REGISTERED FOR CANADIAN POSTAGE.
ENTERED AT THE NEW YORK POST OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.